THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States. Founded A. D. 1821.

Entered according to an act of Congress, in the year 1881, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress. *Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.*

Vol. 61. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1881. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 11.

TWO SUMMERS.

BY P. H. D.

The pastoral story of a summer time,
  Where sighing winds and waves had much to do—
Where human hearts and hopes sang in a rhyme
  That makes the old world seem forever new.
The moon looked down on hand inclasped in hand,
  On raptured face—on dewy, speechful eyes,
On all the landscape of the fairy land
  That stretches out beneath Love's starry skies.

They parted sadly. "But a while," he said,
  "And I'll return to claim you for my own;
For Joy is buried, and o'en Time is dead
  Till, queen of life, you mount my bosom's throne."
A kiss for Mem'ry's sake, and one for Truth—
  A tear half-rainbowed in Hope's golden ray,
And, bent in head and soul, the earnest youth
  Turns to the west and passes on his way.

A year has gone. The bright days come again—
  But winter's been between—oh, winter cold—
Men will forget—the heart is born to pain,
  And all that's past, too soon, too soon, grows old.
They meet—her pride prompts to a deep revenge:
  "I'll cut him dead," yes—no—she will—she does—
A stare as cold as chunk of frigid zone—
  And he, the monster, knew not who she was.

TRIED BY FIRE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HER OWN DECEPTION," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IT has sometimes, perhaps, happened to some of us—not often, indeed, I may say rarely—once or twice in our lives to meet with a face of incontestable beauty, a face with which no fault can be found, and about which men cannot be of two opinions. I do not mean a face such as the Laureate describes in *Maud*:

> "A cold and clear-cut face . . .
> Perfectly beautiful, let it be granted her . . .
> Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
> Dead perfection—no more,"

but a face possessing all the beauty of perfect chiseling, faultless in shape, outline, and full, moreover, of expression, varying with every moment, never inanimate, always charming you with some fresh beauty, and always, growing yet more lovely as you know it and can appreciate it better. Such a face was the Lady Juliet Gilmore's when I beheld her first, on a fair day early in June, in my studio in Elm Walk facing the river Thames.

At that time I had been in London three years, working hard at my profession, that of an artist, and already being fairly well-known in the art-world as a "rising young painter of no mean ability." I loved my art passionately, and had had very fair means of studying, for my uncle, my mother's brother, had sent me to Munich and Rome.

I was in my twenty-eighth year when I came to London and established myself in a quaint old house facing the river, which I had seen once by chance and which struck my fancy. It was a strange old place, with wide oaken staircase and large entrance-hall, and a great room on the first floor with windows at either end and a great bay window looking over the river, and from which I could see the steamers and barges between the branches of the old elms which gave the walk its name.

It was a great long room, that studio, with great old-fashioned chairs and a Turkey carpet in the bay-window recess; and I had arranged round the walls all the quaint medley of art-treasures which I had collected in my travels, and which my dear mother contemptuously styled "rubbish"—pipes, fanning-foils, plaster casts, china plates, vases, statuettes, half-finished sketches and one or two old pictures which I had picked up "for a song" in the Eternal City, and which I would not have sold for gold pieces sufficient to cover their surface. I had a piano in the recess for my cousin Mina, who lived with my mother in her pretty home at South Kensington.

Mina was a good musician, and often, after a day's shopping, she and my mother would come down to my rooms and have some tea, and Mina would play and sing while I smoked my pipe.

I was very happy in the old house in Elm Walk, which I shared with a friend who was a musician, and who followed his art with as much persistency as I did mine. We got on capitally together, and for society we depended chiefly on Bohemians like ourselves, although we both mixed occasionally in the great world which neither of us cared for, but with which it is as well to be on good terms if one can. And it was through an old college friend, whose acquaintance I had renewed at one of the few parties I attended, that I met the Lady Juliet Gilmore.

It was one morning early that Lord Mavor came up the oaken staircase which led to my studio and entered the room where I was at work without the formality of a knock.

"Good morning, old fellow," he said familiarly. "Am I disturbing you?"

"No—that is, not much," I answered, rather ungraciously, for I was busy. "How is it that you are here so early, Francis? I did not think you ever left the arms of Somnus and Morpheus until much later than this."

"Somnus and Morpheus," he repeated nonchalantly, knocking the ash off his cigar. "Who were they?"

"Ask one of your small brothers," I said, as I resumed my work and he found himself a chair.

"You're in a bad humor this morning, Ronald," pursued his lordship, looking at me with a smile in his blue eyes. "No wonder—how long has that fellow been at that awful strumming?"

Lord Mavor alluded to the musical performances of my friend who was practicing steadily in the room beneath.

"It is enough to drive anyone frantic," his lordship went on. "How can you put up with it? Why, it must be as bad as living next door to a girls' school, Stanley!"

"I don't mind it," I answered. "In fact, I rather like it."

"Use is second nature," said Lord Mavor, shrugging his shoulders resignedly. "If he would only play something one could understand instead of always going in for that horrid classical music—music—I don't call it music at all," he added contemptuously—"just notes strung together."

I glanced over at the speaker meditatively he was a handsome fair-haired man, a few years my junior—clever, generous, and true-hearted; but his *role* was that of a rich young noblemen, with no higher aim in life than to dress well, dance well, ride well, and flirt well: and Francis fifth Baron Mavor could do all of these to perfection. Yes, that was his *role*, and no one could say that he played it badly; although no one could accuse him of a mean or disloyal action, still no one could give him credit for anything useful or noble. But then apricots do not grow on apple trees; and a young man who is brought up as a young man of fashion, and taught his own consequence almost from the time of his birth will have unavoidably a rather high estimate of himself.

"What would you like him to play, Frank?" I asked, laughing.

"'After the Opera is Over,' or something of the kind," he answered, laughing also. "Don't look so unutterably contemptuous, my dear Ronald. It is not becoming to your physique. Fellows with big beards and 'eyes of dangerous gray' like yours ought to look sentimental. Are you in good temper, or are you not?"

"Why?"

"Because I came to ask you a favor, old fellow; and, if you are in one of your unapproachable moods, tell me, and I'll be off without asking it."

He had tossed his cigar out of the window, and drew near to me as he spoke.

"A favor. What is it?" I asked wonderingly.

"It is a very simple matter. My cousin Lady Juliet Gilmore is in town, staying with her aunt Lady Wilhelmina Hopeton, and she—Juliet—is awfully anxious to see a real studio, and I want you to let me bring them here to-morrow afternoon."

"Here!" I echoed. "Lady Juliet and Lady Wilhelmina Hopeton?"

"Yes, and also Miss Sutton," he said coolly. "They are going to the flower show at the Horticultural Gardens, and they can drive on here afterwards."

"But, my dear fellow," I ejaculated, "just look around you! Is it possible to ask three great ladies to such a place as this?"

"It is the most charming place I know," he returned. "It is the very pleasantest room I ever entered, and that is why Juliet wants to see it so much. You need not frown. It all happened most innocently. Lady Wilhelmina, who is a most charming old lady, kindness itself, was describing a room she had seen at Millais's or Dore's, or some of those big painting swells, and I said I was sure it could not be pleasanter than yours, and Juliet said she would so much like to see it."

"Then, if you like, bring them here by all means," I said, hastily. "Only let me know the time, that I may be out of the way."

"My dear Ronald"—his tone of surprise recalled me to courtesy.

"I beg your pardon," I said; "but really old fellow, the thought of such a distinguished trio of visitors quite bowls me over."

"Nonsense! You receive very great swells here sometimes."

"Men," I answered shortly.

"Then make an exception, and receive women this time;" and he smiled. "We'll have De la Ferte up and give them some music; and, I assure you, Juliet's face will inspire you for months. She is perfectly beautiful—one of the belles of the season, you know."

I sighed; it was worse and worse.

"And is Lady Juliet the lady who is to be chosen as the Lady Mavor?" I asked lightly, as I threw aside my palette and turned away from my painting.

"Juliet—she would not stoop to me," he answered, laughing. "If a prince of the blood is not forthcoming, nothing less than a serene highness will do for her."

"Ah, and Miss—Miss Sutton?"

"Oh, she is different!" replied his lordship, coloring. "You will like her, I know, Ronald; she is the sweetest little girl in England."

"Warm praise. Am I to congratulate you, Frank?"

"Not yet," he rejoined, with a smile and a sigh—"not yet. I hardly dare count on such happiness; but"—his face, which had momentarily saddened, brightened again—"if it ever should be so, old fellow, you shall be one of the first to know of it. To-morrow then at five?" he added, as he rose to go.

"All right," I answered, not very cordially, I fear. "I shall expect you."

"*Au revoir*," he said gaily, as he opened the door. "Give my compliments to De la Ferte, and say I wish him better taste in the selection of his music."

I heard him go down the stairs, humming a gay refrain as he went, and I resumed my painting with a sigh at the thought of to-morrow's visitors.

* * * * * *

"To-morrow's visitors" came punctually. At five o'clock a handsome carriage drove down Elm Walk and pulled up at the door of my house. Reluctantly enough I went down stairs to receive my guests. There was a rustle of silken dresses, the sound of little heels on the marble pavement in the hall, a sweet bright musical laugh, and Lord Mavor's pleasant voice, and, as I went forward, awkwardly enough, I dare say, there was a faint odor of stephanotis which did not come from my balcony—although De la Ferte and I had laden it with flowers in honor of the expected guests—and which was ever after associated in my mind with Lady Juliet Gilmore.

"What must you think of such an intrusion?" said Lady Wilhelmina Hopeton smilingly, as she gave me her hand in greeting. "We have met once before. Francis insisted that we should be welcome, or I should have hesitated to gratify my nieces. I think we had better defer an introduction until we get up-stairs," she added as she took my arm. "What a charming quaint old house!"

We went up first, the others following. The stairs were broad and low, and there was plenty of room for the two girls to walk abreast. I had seen dimly that one was tall and slender, the other smaller; that the tall one wore white, and the smaller one something which was gray and cloudy, with a touch of pink here and there.

Lady Wilhelmina entered the studio, and I held aside the heavy curtain which replaced the door for the young ladies to pass into the room. The smaller of the two glided in with a little smiling bow; the other lingered midway on the stairs with Lord Mavor.

"Don't wait for us, old fellow," said Francis, with a nod. "Lady Juliet is going into raptures over this Etruscan vase of yours; we shall be up as soon as the raptures are over."

I bowed and entered the studio. Lady Wilhelmina had already saluted my friend, who was waiting there for us, and I found that they were old acquaintances; then she presented us to the little lady in gray.

"Miss Sutton, Mr. Stanley—the Comte de la Ferte," she said.

We bowed and smiled, and I had a moment to examine the "sweetest little girl in England," ere Lord Mavor and his cousin entered the studio. Miss Sutton was small and gracefully built, plump as a partridge, with large bright dark eyes, a pale complexion, and brown wavy hair worn in quaint little curls, short like a boy's, over her head.

"What a dear old place!" she said, smiling up at me from her nest in one of my big chairs, in which she looked a very small person indeed in her dainty gray drapery with its pink knots. "How pretty and quaint it is, and the river under the window is so charming! Aunt Willie, don't you like it?"

"Indeed, I think it is very pleasant!" replied Lady Wilhelmina. "You have some beautiful china, Mr. Stanley. I myself am a collector in a small way. That is a most valuable bit of Worcester."

"Stanley is a china-man," said Lord Mavor's voice in the doorway; and, as I turned, I saw Lady Juliet come in under the curtain of the door, preceding her cousin, and she seemed to me like some beautiful apparition, too fair to be a denizen of this earthly sphere of ours.

She was dressed in white—not a fleecy cloudy dress like Miss Sutton's, but in soft unrustling white cashmere slashed with silk of the same dead white, and made in a quaint mediæval fashion. On her head she wore a broad-brimmed Gainsborough hat, rather heavily plumed, and from under its shade peeped out the loveliest face artist ever painted or poet dreamed. To attempt to describe it seems absurd; no word-painting could do justice to the beautiful features, bright hazel eyes, with their dark lashes and delicately-marked brows many shades darker than the golden hair, which was

gathered in a close rich knot at the back of her head, and escaped in one or two long curls over her graceful shoulders.

I saw De la Ferte give a little start of admiration and surprise as she entered; and, when Lady Wilhelmina made the second introduction, Lady Juliet put out her little hand to me with a smile, while I vainly endeavoured to remove my gaze from the bewilderingly beautiful face.

"It is very good of you to indulge us, Mr. Stanley," she said in a low musical voice. "Indeed, when Frank told me how we had invited ourselves, it was only my very ardent curiosity which could give me courage to come."

I bowed and murmured some not very intelligible common place words of welcome; but apparently Lady Juliet was used to the dazzling effect of her beauty, for she did not appear conscious of my embarrassment, and glanced curiously around her with bright eager eyes.

"You must show us your last picture, Mr. Stanley!" she said eagerly. "Frank says it is charming; and we liked the two you exhibited at the Academy this year more than I can tell you without being suspected of flattery."

"You did not come to see my picture, Lady Juliet," I observed, smiling; "you came to see my studio; and I shall be thoroughly disappointed if you do not give it the meed of admiration which Frank evidently thinks it deserves, or he would not have brought you."

"It is charming," she said softly. "How happy you must be here! I could forget that I am in London."

She moved across the room to look at one of the pictures on the wall.

"That is a real Claude, Mr. Stanley," she went on. "How the Earl would envy you! And, oh, what a picture, fairer than any Claude, you have a glimpse of through your window!"

The window was wide open, and from the balcony we could see the river as it glided by with the sunshine falling upon it—a few figures moving quietly upon its banks—in the distance the spire of an ancient church rising calm and gray. It was all still and shadowy; and I saw Lady Juliet's face soften as she watched.

"Juliet," said her cousin gaily at this juncture, "come and make the tea!"

"Frank!" I remonstrated in a whisper.

"I shall like to do it, Mr. Stanley," answered Lady Juliet, smiling. "But, to repay me for the trouble, you must show me your picture!"

Tea had been laid on a round table in the recess; and, as Lady Juliet moved across to it, De la Ferte came forward, with easy French gallantry, to give her any assistance she might require. Lord Mayor was bending over Miss Sutton's chair, talking to her in low tones; and Lady Wilhelmina naturally and inevitably fell to my lot.

She was a kind, gentle-looking old lady; and from her conversation it was evident that she had a kind of motherly pity for the artist who had the honor of being her host. She asked me, with an interest and a delicacy which took away any apparent indiscretion in the questions, about myself and my prospects, about my mother and my father, whom she had met several years before.

"I wonder Mrs. Stanley does not prefer to live with you here," she remarked, with her gentle smile. "She must be lonely at South Kensington; and your society would be so pleasant for her."

"My mother has no sympathy with the life we Bohemians lead," I answered. "And she would be uncomfortable in this old house; the disorder would distress her above all things, as much as the extreme order she likes would distress me. Besides Lady Wilhelmina, she does not live alone. My cousin, Mina Grey, lives with her."

"Ah, that is pleasant! She is an orphan perhaps."

"Yes; her father was my mother's only brother, and my best friend. After his death my mother was glad to be able to show her gratitude for his kindness to me by giving a mother's love to his child."

"And she is repaid by the companionship of her little niece," said Lady Wilhelmina. "Miss Sutton has been my daughter for the last ten years."

"Mabel, I have made the tea," broke in Lady Juliet's sweet voice. "Come and do your part in pouring it out."

Miss Sutton started as if she had been aroused from some pleasant thoughts, but rose nevertheless and went over to the table; Lord Mayor followed; then Lady Juliet came to the window and seated herself in the great arm-chair which Mabel Sutton had vacated, and the large hazel eyes wandered over the sleepy river, and the broad old elms through which the sunlight fell, flecking her white dress with tremulous lights and shades. Her face was graver now, and her hands were folded on her lap; on her breast gleamed a few of the starry stephanotis blossoms.

De la Ferte brought over Lady Wilhelmina's tea, and I roused myself from my abstraction to fetch Lady Juliet's. She took it from my hands with a sudden bright smile, and again renewed her request to see my picture; so, as she sat sipping her tea, I pulled forward the easel for her contemplation.

"It is not finished," I explained. "I have painted out one or two of the faces, which I have not yet replaced."

Lady Juliet looked at it long and steadily with rapt shining eyes and grave sweet lips. It was not much to look at after all; but it seemed to please her.

It was the interior of an old Norman church with great lofty shadowy aisles and an altar one blaze of light from many tapers; a kneeling form or two, a man standing in the shadow leaning against a pillar, a flood of golden light from the setting sun, shining in at the western window and falling in a direct line to the door, where a girl was standing, apparently hesitating whether she would enter or not.

"It is beautiful!" said Lady Juliet at length. "You have taken me back to Normandy. I was there after a time soon after I left school. Have you nothing else to show me?"

"You are exacting, Juliet!" said her aunt smiling.

"It would be very selfish of Mr. Stanley if he did not gratify his friends with a sight of some of his things. His talent was not given him to hide under a bushel."

"May I get you some more tea?" I asked, with a smile.

Lady Juliet gave me her cup, and answered "Please" as prettily and demurely as though she were not the only daughter and heiress of the Earl of Danmer, and the belle of the season to boot.

"Eugene will you give us some music?" I asked, as I passed him on my way to the tea-table, and De la Ferte crossed over to the piano, and, seating himself, ran his fingers over the keys in a brilliant prelude.

Miss Sutton, presiding at the tea-table, was charmingly pretty and bright; Mayor, with his elbow resting on the table and his chin on his hand, looked paler than his wont and a trifle grave. Both started as I asked for some tea for Lady Juliet, and Miss Sutton remarked hastily that she was glad to have an opportunity of hearing the Comte de la Ferte play. She had often heard of his talent. Then she poured out the tea, giving me a double proportion of sugar and no cream; and I could not refrain from smiling at her evident preoccupation.

"But you have had no tea yourself, Mr. Stanley," she said, coloring hotly up to her pretty wavy hair as she rectified her mistake. "Do you not take any?"

"Thank you, no," I answered, as I went back to Lady Juliet.

Then De la Ferte began a sonata of Beethoven's, which rose and fell softly on the air. Glancing at Lord Mayor, I saw that Eugene's performance did not distress him as it had done the morning before; on the contrary he looked a little relieved, and, under cover of the music, he leaned forward and talked rapidly and eagerly in a low tone to Miss Sutton. Lady Wilhelmina, leaning back in her chair, looking out at the river as it glided by in the sunshine, seemed to be enjoying the rest and harmony, for she was, as I knew, passionately fond of music.

Presently I brought forward a huge portfolio full of finished and unfinished sketches; and seating myself on an ottoman by Lady Juliet, began "doing showman" pleasantly enough, for I was not insensible to the charm of the fair summer day, the soft music, the beautiful face besides me, the sweet soft voice, the little jeweled hand which turned over my sketches, pausing over some, passing by others, lingering now and then.

Eugene played on; from one sonata he wandered to another, then to some operatic selections.

He seemed to have forgotten his audience, who however were entranced with the harmony. The two young people at the at the tea-table were silent now, but Lord Mayor's hand had stolen under the table, and I think he was clasping Mabel's soft little fingers. Her face was blushing and tremulous, his was radiant; De la Ferte's soft pathetic melodies had told his story for him, perhaps better than he could have told it himself, and the end was a favorable one.

Lady Juliet's face was half turned from bow towards the player; she was listening with bright wide-open eyes, the sketches lay disregarded before her, and, unseen, I could watch the lovely face, the shining eyes, the beautiful white throat, and the stephanotis nestling softly in the creamy lace of her dress. How beautiful she was!

After a time she turned to me again, and resumed her examination of my sketches, unconscious, or perhaps heedless, of my scrutiny of her matchless face; and soon I saw that she had found a sketch that interested her, for she looked at it long and steadily.

I glanced down, a little curious myself to see what had excited her interest. It was a carefully-finished sketch of a fair young girl with tender face and gentle mobile lips; she was clad in white, finished off at the throat with blue, and had a knot of violets in her bosom. It was a portrait of my cousin Mina, and under it I had written her name, "Mina."

"This is a portrait, I presume?" said Lady Juliet a little eagerly.

"Yes—my cousin Mina. She lives with my mother."

"Your cousin?" she repeated. "Is her name Mina, or is it a diminutive?"

"Her name is Mina Grey."

"'Mina Grey.' A pretty name and a pretty face," remarked her ladyship. "Has she lived with you long?"

"She has been with my mother since her father's death, which occured three years ago," I answered.

"How old is she?" asked Lady Juliet, looking down at the sketch meditatively.

"Nineteen."

"Nineteen; two years younger than I am," she replied. "Does she go out much?"

"Very seldom. She is not strong, and is very easily fatigued."

"She comes here, I suppose?" "Yes, sometimes."

"Does she sit to you ever?"

"I know her face too well to need to trouble her," I said, smiling.

"Yes?" she rejoined, half interrogatively, and fell to musing again over the sketch.

"Mina seems to interest you, Lady Juliet."

She laughed and colored.

"I believe I was envying her a little," she said. "You don't know how pleasant this little glimpse of Bohemia seems to me, Mr. Stanley. I feel just know as if the highest ambition I could feel is to be a painter like you and have a studio like this."

"You don't know what a brilliant prospect you are marking out for yourself," I replied, smiling half sadly. "It is not all fair, Lady Juliet. Sometimes," I added, as we rose by one accord and walked out on to the balcony together, "all is very dark and dreary. It is not always summer, you know; and by-and-by, when the bright June sunshine is gone and the roses are faded, wintry days will come, and November fogs, which shut out the river from my view, and I am obliged to have lights burning all day. You would not like the studio then, Lady Juliet."

"Should I not? It seems all so calm and lovely now that I can't imagine the November fogs and dull days. Besides, why look forward to them? I should forget them, and enjoy the present sunshine, the river, and the flowers. Have you never painted the view from your window, Mr. Stanley? It would make a very pretty picture."

"I have sometimes thought of it," I answered meditatively. "Perhaps I may one of these fine days. This autumn I am going into Wales to see if I can find some pretty bits for a couple of landscapes the Duke of Merewether has asked me for."

"Come down to Danmer," she said eagerly. "We have some beautiful views there, and I am sure you will find what you require. Besides, the Duke and Duchess are coming to us for a fortnight in September, and he could choose for himself."

"You are very kind," I answered gravely, wondering a little at her sweet frank manner. But of course I did not accept her invitation, or indeed look upon it as anything but a graceful speech of courtesy.

There was a short silence then; a barge glided by on the river, a hansom—by far the most frequent vehicle in Elm Walk—drove rapidly by, and the clock in the old church-tower chimed out the half hour after six.

We heard Lady Wilhelmina speaking, and the music ceased suddenly.

"Juliet, Mabel, my dear, did you hear that? Have you forgotten that you are both engaged out this evening?" exclaimed Lady Wilhelmina, rising in dismay; and Lady Juliet shrugged her pretty shoulders resignedly as she returned to the studio.

"Frank, is the carriage there?" she asked her cousin. "Will you get our shawls?"

Lord Mayor brought the wraps, handed Lady Wilhelmina's Indian shawl to De la Ferte and a rich striped Algerian scarf to me, while he himself appropriated Miss Sutton's wrap and proceeded to fold it round her with a great deal of care and deliberation.

"You will come and see me, Mr. Stanley, I hope," said Lady Wilhelmina cordially; "and you, Monsieur le Comte? I am at home to my friends on Thursdays and Saturdays always, and very generally in the evening."

"Mr. Stanley, may we come again," asked Lady Juliet demurely, "if we promise to be very good?"

And then they went downstairs, De la Ferte and I following to put them into the carriage. Frank, was not going back with them apparently for Miss Sutton gave him her hand at parting with a very sweet glance from her dark eyes.

"Good-bye, aunt Willie; good-bye, Juliet," he said. "You need not thank Stanley for your pleasant afternoon. You owe it to me."

"Good-bye, Mr. Stanley," and Lady Juliet leant forward and gave me her hand with a sweet bewildering smile. She did not perceive that the stephanotis had fallen from her breast and was lying at my feet.

Then they drove away, leaving three young men standing at an old gate-way looking after the carriage and across the river with rather odd intentness.

De la Ferte was the first to turn towards the house, humming an operatic air and sending his hands deep into his pockets. Lord Mayor put out his hand to me.

"It is all right," he said quietly; and I shook his hand, congratulating him with all my heart. Then he went off, saying something about finding a hansom at the nearest stand.

When he was gone I stooped and picked up the little sprig of stephanotis lying still at my feet. It was a trifle faded and dusty; but, without stopping to consider my reason for doing so, I took out my pocket-book, inserted it carefully between the leaves, and put the book back into my breast-pocket.

CHAPTER II.

A COUPLE of days afterwards the post brought De la Ferte and myself an invitation to dinner from Lady Wilhelmina Hopeton for the following Tuesday.

"Will you go, Ronald?" asked Eugene as he came up, note in hand, to my studio.

I hesitated for a moment.

"Why, yes, I suppose we must," I answered. "One can't very well refuse."

"I am glad of that," he said with a half smile. "I shall be pleased to see my lady again."

When he had left the studio I rose from my stool, then turned down my palette and mahlstick, and began to pace up and down restlessly, wondering inwardly at my own perturbation, and fuming at the way in which I had been haunted by Lady Juliet's beautiful face. Never before had any face recurred so constantly to my memory; not that here was the most beautiful face I had ever seen; I had seen as beautiful perhaps which I had passed by almost unheeded; but this one had haunted me day and night during the forty-eight hours which had elapsed since I saw it first; waking and sleeping, it had been before me.

I paused for a moment before a sketch-book which lay open on the table, and there was a beautiful face from every point in view—full face, profile, three quarters; from under the broad-brimmed hat, or with the head uncovered, with hair falling about it; under a mob cap, or with a crown on its golden braids, wreathed with flowers or veiled in hood and wimple fair and pensive like a nun. I had let my fancy and my pencil run riot for an hour or two, and this was the result.

Of course it was only as an artist that I admired her; but it was strange how I found myself dwelling upon her beauty, upon her grace, upon her pretty imperious ways, upon her low sweet voice and the sudden bright bewildering smile which had wreathed her lips two or three times as we talked together. True she had put aside her statelliness when she had visited the artist's studio, and that had given her the charm she might lack in society, where her haughtiness was well known; perhaps, if I saw her at Lady Wilhelmina's in all her pride, I should lose this haunting presence.

I resumed my painting absently enough, and, for the first time in my life, I found my work had lost the power to charm away all other thoughts. Art is a jealous mistress; she requires all one's attention, all one's time, all one's thought, as she cannot bear a divided allegiance. At length I threw aside my brush, changed my coat, and strolled up towards Hyde Park.

The band was playing and numbers of gay promenaders were strolling up and down in their summer toilets, listening to the music, chatting, flirting, and looking at each other's bonnets. Somehow I felt rather out of place. I tugged at my beard, telling myself it was too long, that it made people stare, and I felt as shy and self-conscious as any timid girl at her first party. Occasionally I met an acquaintance, and exchanged a few sentences, occasionally too I had to lift my hat in answer to a salutation from some lady whom I dimly remembered having met somewhere; once or twice I caught a whisper of "Stanley the artist, you know—very young to be an R. A.;" and I wondered how people knew me.

I leaned against the railings and looked at the riders; they were not very numerous that morning. Now and then a pretty girl with an attendant cavalier or a couple of men rode by, and presently two gentlemen two ladies and their grooms. The gentlemen and ladies pulled up beside me, and I lifted my hat as I recognised Lord Mayor and his two cousins.

"I thought you never came into the park, Mr. Stanley," said Miss Sutton, looking prettier than ever in her dainty dark-blue habit and regulation hat.

"Very rarely," I answered, smiling. "This is one of those exceptions which prove the rule, you know."

Lady Juliet was in a grey habit, with a broad gray cavalier hat and feathers; she was talking to the gentlemen who was beside her, a good-looking young fellow of four or five-and-twenty years old, who had a bit of scarlet geranium in the breast of his grey riding-coat. They looked very handsome and happy.

"Aunt Willie wrote to you this morning" she said, stooping a little from her saddle. "Mr. Stanley, you will come will you not? I hope you are not engaged. We—auntie will be so disappointed."

'I am not engaged,' I replied, smiling, and my heart beat a little faster. "I will come, Lady Juliet."

She nodded and smiled, and resumed the interrupted conversation with her friend. Lord Mayor said a few words, and they rode on.

"That is Lady Juliet Gilmore," a voice near me said. "The young man with her is the Marquis of Endstown; he is one of the most eligible *partis* of the day. I wonder if his attentions to Lady Juliet mean anything?"

I turned away and strolled on; the band was not playing now, but the chatting and flirting and pacing up and down still went on. Suddenly I heard a voice exclaim, "Why, there is Ronald!" and, looking in the direction from which the exclamation proceeded, I saw my mother, Mina, and some friends. I made my way to them, and there was a chorus of exclamations and greetings. When it had subsided, I sat down beside Mina, who looked very pretty in her white dress with its blue knots and her shady shepherdess hat.

"You have not been near us for days, Ronald," she said. "Have you been very busy? The mother and I were thinking of going to you yesterday, but——"

"But Mina was not well," added my mother, with a glance at her. "She took it into her head to faint away in the morning, and frightened us all dreadfully."

"Mina," I exclaimed in surprise, "I am sorry. What was the matter, dear?"

"I don't know," she replied, laughing. "The heat tries me, I suppose. Is it not pleasant here, Ronald?"

"Very," I answered absently, thinking that Mina looked very frail and delicate. "Are you thinking of leaving town shortly, mother?"

"Not till next month," she rejoined. "And you, Ronald, are you coming with us?"

"That depends upon where you are going," I replied. "I want to go into Devonshire for scenery, and you will like to be near the sea."

"Why not go to Seaton then?" remarked one of my mother's friends. "It is a charming little seaside place on the Devon coast. There is a splendid line of cliffs, and inland the scenery is as lovely as Devon ever is, which is saying not a little."

"Would you like Seaton, Mina?" I asked

my cousin. "It is a quaint pretty little place. There will be no toilets to be seen there, though."

"As if I care for that!" she answered. "Shall we go to Seaton mother mine?"

"We will think of it, dear. What does that black cloud in the sky betoken?" said my mother dubiously.

"It is only a passing cloud," returned some one carelessly. "Look, Miss Grey, there, is Lady Juliet Gilmore. Is she not quite as beautiful as her photograph?"

"Where did you see her photograph?" I asked my cousin, when her expression of admiration had ceased.

"At Easterton's," she answered. "She is one of the belles of the season, you know, and they have two or three likenesses of her. I think it is going to rain, Ronald," she added apprehensively. "How threatening the sky looks!"

"Indeed it is going to be wet," observed my mother, rising. "Mrs. Wyatt, will you allow me to take you home? There is plenty of room in the brougham."

Mrs. Wyatt accepted, for the clouds had gathered ominously, and there was every appearance of a shower. People were hurrying off in search of carriages and cabs, and already two or three great drops had fallen through the trees.

"Come along, Mrs. Wyatt," said my mother quickly. "Ronald, take Mina—of course you will come home with us."

She hurried on without waiting for a reply. I gave my arm to Mina and we hastened after her; but, after a few yards, Mina stopped.

"I am very sorry, Ronald," she said, panting; "I can't go on so fast. Will you go on and see about the carriage, and I will follow?"

"How thoughtless I am!" I exclaimed remorsefully. "You must forgive me, Mina."

We went on then at a more moderate pace, although the rain was falling pretty heavily now. Mina had a dainty little parasol, which she held over her head with a little laugh at its inutility; and I laughed too, and bent over her rather anxiously, expressing a hope that she would not get very wet.

"I shall take no harm," she said lightly. "Look, there is Lady Juliet, Ronald."

The party were riding along rapidly, hurrying like ourselves to escape the rain. Lady Juliet gave me a glance and a slight smile of recognition, and a second glance at Mina as they passed us. Lord Mayor lifted his hat, and Mabel Sutton smiled graciously.

"Do you know them?" asked Mina, looking up at me in surprise.

"I have met them, dear. Ah, there is the brougham! The mother is looking daggers at me, Mina," I added, laughing. "She thinks I am delaying you."

My mother gently reproached me for detaining Mina in the rain; and it was only when my cousin explained that she could not walk so fast as I did that my mother resumed her usual equanimity.

"You are coming home with us, Ronald?" she said when she was seated; and I smiled to myself at the thought of my long legs in the little brougham. "There is plenty of room," she added. "Do come in, dear; we never see you now."

"I will come to-morrow," I answered. "I am busy to-day; or, if you will let me off for a day or two, I will come down on Saturday and favor you with my society until Tuesday."

"Will you?" she said brightening. "You are sure, Ronald? Then we shall expect you. Don't stand in the rain, my boy, and be sure to change your coat when you get home. You will take a cab, of course."

"Of course," I answered, smiling at my dear careful mother's precautions. "Good-bye, mother; good-bye, Mina;" and I lifted my hat as the brougham drove away, and stood for a moment on the pavement heedless of the pouring rain.

"Cab, sir?" said the driver of a hansom, breaking in upon my reverie.

"Yes," I replied with a start.

I jumped in and closed the doors. The cabman, opening the little window over my head, asked my destination.

"Stop first at Easterton's Library, St. George's Place," I answered curtly; and as I leaned back in the cab I gave a sigh to vanish good resolutions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WOMANLY PROTECTION.—In Arabia, a country that has never been cited as inclining to woman's rights, or as affected by any of the questions that agitate the world in regard to her power, a singular custom prevails. A woman can protect anything. At her approach, at her command, the scimitar lifted to put a fellow creature to death must fall harmlessly to the ground. All quarreling must cease, and the weaker side may take refuge in her shadow. Even a murderer is safe if a woman takes him under her protection. If a criminal has been judged and pronounced guilty, he will make an effort to flee to the tents where the women abide, knowing that the instant he announces "I am under the protection of the harem," he is saved; for the woman, without appearing, will then call out, "Fly from him!" and if all the princes of the tribe had been his judges his punishment must be remitted without hesitation. In China, men are taught to believe that their mothers exercise a protecting influence over them all their lives, and that their thanks are due to them for this. So on New Year's morning, every man not willing to acknowledge himself careless and cruel, from the emperor to the lowliest peasant, must pay a visit of ceremony and thankfulness to his mother. He wishes her many more years of happiness, gives her presents of value according to his station, and asks the continuance of her favor for the coming year.

Our Outing.

BY MADOX.

SALLY JANE and I had calculated on having an outing for quite a considerable time, but one thing or another kept putting it off, and so it got to be June before Sally Jane and I got a chance for our holiday.

But one Monday, as we were helping with the starched things, Sally Jane said to me—

"Jemmy"—my name is Jemima, but it is such a solemn name for common use that I'm always called Jemmy—"Jemmy, to-day's wash day, and to-morrow is ironing day, and Wednesday finishing up, and Thursday baking, and Friday sweeping day, but don't you think we could get old Mrs. Rubby to come over and scrub a Saturday, and have our outing then?"

So I considered a minute, and said—

"Well, Sally, I shouldn't wonder."

So we settled that we would.

And as we had fifteen dollars we'd made out of pot-cheese, why, we felt independent and wouldn't be obliged to ask any one for anything, which is a great comfort to two single young women, living with an uncle as close and careful with his money as Uncle Jeffries is.

That night I told Aunt Jeffries that Sally and I were going to take our outing on Saturday and go to New York, and she looked solemn, and said in a loud whisper to nobody in a way she has that makes you think of ghosts—

"When I was a gal, young women was keepers at home and not gadders about."

But I just poked Sally under the table with my foot not to say anything, and we both knew that, old as she was, Aunt Jeffries went out ten times to my once.

We had hired Mrs. Rubby ourselves, but we didn't make any remark.

We were to take our outing Saturday, and to be up, bright and early, to take the stage for the five o'clock train.

It's singular how news flies.

Before Tuesday night everybody in the county seemed to have found out we were going to New York, and folks began to call in with commissions for us.

Mrs. Potter wanted a new muslin and Pamela Potter wanted nine yards of sky-blue ribbon, and old Mrs. Jake wanted a new crape veil, and Martha Tack a Japanese umbrella, and Miss Gufid, the ministers sister, she wanted ten copies of the "Advice to Young Gals" for the ten best Sunday scholars at vacation, and some lawn for her brother's cravats.

And so they kept coming in one after the other, and I think Emma Prinker was the last.

She only wanted us to call at her brother's office and get a hat in a box that was to be left there for her.

We made out a long lists of what they wanted us to buy, for fear we'd forget something, and started off in the stage at half-past four Saturday morning.

It was a mighty hot day—seemed to get more'n more broiling every hour.

The stage was bad enough, but when we got to the cars we were roasted.

And naturally New York wasn't cool.

The streets were like bake ovens, and the stores were as close as if they were airtight.

"Dear me, Jemmy," said Sally Jane to me, "if it wasn't for all this shopping, I should say the best thing we could do was to go straight to the coolest place we could find, and take ice cream and soda water; but we've got to get this buying off our minds."

"I should think we had," said I. "We've got forty-eight purchases to make, half of 'em to match."

The stores were just open when we got to town, and it was half-past three o'clock before we finished our last matching, both of us were loaded down, and we hadn't so much as even thought of our own muslins, nor our bonnets, though we had brought uncle his handkerchief, and aunt some calico.

"Through at last, Jemmy," said Sally Jane, looking at me over the top of her pile of bundles; "and I'm afraid it's too late to see any show, or to get our muslin and ribbons. We could go over and spend the rest of the afternoon, and take tea with cousin Betsy though."

"That's a good idea," I said. "It will rest us; and we haven't seen cousin Betsy for a year, not since. Why, what's the matter, Sally Jane?"

And I stopped short, for she was staring at me as if she'd been struck.

"What's the matter, Sally?"

"We forget something," said Sally. "Emma Prinker's hat box."

"Thank goodness, that won't have to be matched," said I, cross as could be.

"It's at her brother's office, in Maiden Lane.

"Sally, we're up at Twenty-fifth Street; it's an hour's journey. I've a mind to keep on forgetting it."

"That won't do. There'd be ill feeling," said Sally.

So we carried our bundles into the stage that seemed to us to go nearest to Maiden Lane, and off we went.

Nothing happened to us until we got to Maiden Lane, and found the number and Emma Prinker's brother.

He was a crossish-looking man, and when we mentioned the box he said—

"Emma wanted I should fetch it up for her—but I struck. I ain't an express; if I was I'd charge for it. It isn't here. I sent the man over with it to Cudlip and Currier's, three doors from the depot; thought she could take it up herself when she came down."

He hadn't asked us to sit down, so we stood, and now he walked off without a word more.

So away he went up to the depot, and there, to be sure, was Cudlip and Currier's, and in we walked, and said to a young clerk sitting on a box:

"Will you please let us have the hat-box that was sent here by Miss Prinker's brother?"

"A what? an ash-box?" asked the young clerk.

"Hat," said I.

"Go and see if there's a hat here for anybody," said the clerk to a little boy.

And he went away, and came back and said there wasn't.

But pretty soon there came along a real prettily-spoken nice young man, and after we'd explained, he went and inquired.

And he came back and said there was a box with Emma Prinker on it.

So we thanked him, and he went and brought it.

It was a great square thing, made of pine-wood, with two iron handles and a big padlock, and marked with great black letters, "Emma Prinker."

I looked at Sally and she looked at me.

"You didn't expect such a large box, did you, ladies?" said the polite young gentleman.

So I said we didn't, and thanked him. And then we piled our parcels on top of it, and took each a handle and walked off with it.

We hadn't had a bit of anything to eat since four that morning, and we ran straight to the restaurant and sat down to a table.

We ordered some sandwiches and some iced tea and some cream—and it was just put on the table before us when whang went the great bell, and "Last train for Dillytown!" screamed the man at the gate.

"Can't stop to eat," said I.

"Pay for it anyhow, ma'am," said the waiter.

So we paid—and flew.

We hardly got on the train in time, as it was on account of that pesky hat-box of Emma Prinker's, which we had to send as freight, and being so dead tired, and missing the stage, we had to hire a wagon to take us home.

Sally paid for us, for though I wanted to I found I'd had my pocket picked, where or how I never could guess.

About ten o'clock we got home.

Everybody had gone to bed, and uncle said it wasn't seemly for girls to stay out to such an hour, when he let us in, and aunt called downstairs that "when she was young women that were always gadding wasn't thought well of;" and we hunted up a little cold shortcake and some milk, and took it up to our room and Sally cried, but what I said was what Mr. Prinker had said to me—

"I ain't an express, if I was I'd charge for it."

And I made up my mind what to do next time.

But Sally and I don't talk much, and nobody knows what sort of an outing we had, and we're spoken of in the family and out of it as very gay young women, who were always going to New York to enjoy ourselves. If we ever go again we will.

WOMEN IN THE EAST.—The Mohammedans nearly all believe that woman has no soul. This is not taught in the Koran, but is countenanced by the fact that, in the great prophet's paradise, houris are given to the faithful instead of their earthly wives. The Chinese make slaves of the women in this world, and deny them any hope of compensation hereafter. In Western Australia female children are always betrothed a few days after their birth; and should the first husband die before the girl attains her maturity, she belongs to his heir. In New Zealand, if a girl's future husband should die, no other man can make a proposal to her. Among the Hindoos widows may not marry again. In China, the parents bargain for the marriage of the children while they are yet unborn. The New Hollanders steal their wives; and if a woman attempts to escape her captor, he at once thrusts a spear through the fleshy part of her leg or thigh. Of all methods of obtaining a wife, that of purchase is the most universal. It is practiced by the African, by the black and brown races of the Indian Archipelago, and by nearly all the nations of Asia. The Circassian women prefer being sent to Constantinople to be sold. In Siam and Cochin China, men invariably purchase their wives; but the women have one privilege, the parents cannot sell them without their will. In China, however, women are sold without being consulted on the subject, and have to obey one in the family of her purchaser, without exception—the husband's control over her being entirely unlimited. In Japan, presents are made to the bride, who transfers them to her relatives, to defray the expense and trouble they incurred in bringing her up from her infancy.

EATING AN OFFICIAL.—The Fiji Times tells a singular story of cannibalism. In the interior of one of the Islands a teacher made the discovery that in the meat supplied to him by the natives there was human flesh. When he called their attention to his discovery they told him that they had killed and cooked the Government officer, and that if he refused to eat a piece of the ex-official they would kill and cook him too. To save his life he consented to partake. During the feast they told him that they were dissatisfied with the treatment they received at the hands of the Government, and they thought the best way to express their dissatisfaction was to eat the official. Next day the teacher fled.

Bric-a-Brac.

A MERRY SONG.—It is said that Tennyson wrote the famous song, "Come into the garden, Maud," fifty times before it took its present shape, and that *Locksley Hall* cost him six weeks' labor.

THE SIZE OF A CHILD.—There is an old saying that a child two years old is half as tall as he ever will be, and after a few experiments in measuring one can easily believe it, but not before.

THE BEGINNING OF DAY.—The new day with us popularly commences at or from twelve at night; with the Jews, the Greeks, and the Italians, the day is reckoned from sunset to sunset, and with the Persians from sunrise to sunrise.

BE THRIFTY.—A curious New Year's custom is still kept up at Oxford. The members of Queen's College are entertained at dinner, and to each guest present the provost hands a needle threaded with either red, black, or blue silk, representing Divinity, Medicine, and Law, with the injunction "Take this, and be thrifty."

BURIED ALIVE.—The "Order of the Buried Alive" is, the best known and most strict of the Roman church, and its very existence is generally unknown. There are only about thirty sisters now belonging to it. One rule is that the sisters never see each other's faces; they always wear a thick veil which covers them completely, and in which they are buried when they die.

LOBSTERS CLAWS.—So great a dread have lobsters of thunder that they will cast off their large claws when a loud clap occurs or when a gun is fired. In olden times captains of vessels often extorted black-mail from fishermen by threatening to fire cannon over their fishing grounds, knowing full well that the concussion would cause the lobsters to cast their claws, thereby destroying their value.

GOAL DISTEMPER.—It was long, and probably still is, the custom to strew the dock of the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey, London, with rue. We are told that this use arose after a contagious disease, known as the "goal distemper," which had been engendered by the foul atmosphere there, in or about 1750, after which herbs sprinkled with vinegar were strewn about to avoid the recurrence of a similar calasthrope.

WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN.—In the old records of Norwalk, Conn., is recorded the following sale of a track of land "lying and bounded between the Norwalk river and five-mile river. Indian one day walk into ye country." The consideration paid was, "10 fathom of wampum, 3 hatchets, 3 hoes, when ship come in, 12 tobacco pipes, 2 glasses, 3 knives, 10 drills, 10 needles. The survey at a much later date makes the tract about 3 miles wide by 12 long. Perhaps the expression "when the ship comes in" originated in this.

PLATES AND BREAD.—Among the customs of the ancients, there are some whose origin is very curious. Bread is an invention of the Greeks, more lately adopted by the Romans. For a long time handmills were, in Europe, the only machines employed to grind corn, and they were used until the time of the first Crusade, when, among other inventions borrowed from the Saracens, the art of constructing windmills was first introduced. During many centuries, were used, instead of dishes, trenchers of bread.

CURIOUS CHRISTIAN NAMES.—The whims of West Indian planters were the cause of curious names being given to slaves on their baptism. There are people nowadays who are named Ananias Mendacious, &c., and more recently a man was met who called himself "Hobbledehoy Smith." It was by express desire of Queen Victoria that the names of distinguished military and naval heroes ceased to be given to African recruits of the West Indian regiments; at one time sable Arthur Wellingtons, Horatio Nelsons, &c., were common. Mailuw (William spelled backward) was the Christian name of a woman married at one of the English churches some years since.

HEARTY APPETITES.—Laplanders are blessed with very hearty appetites. The peasant of that country is said to consume ten times more flesh than the natives of Sweden. A deer is just enough to last a family of four persons one week, and one traveler, says: "I have seen reindeer flesh cooked in the huts for the whole family in large iron kettles; when cooked, the meat was immediately torn asunder by the master of the house with his fingers, and the eagerness with which each of the inmates received a share and strove, as if for a wager, to tear it with hands and teeth, is almost incredible. When the flesh is devoured, the broth in which it was made is mixed with reindeer milk and taken with the same avidity."

A CELESTIAL HOME.—The Chinese are very domesticated. The peasantry are fortunate in many respects, and the small farm holders are enviable in comparison with those of the Western world. Each farm is a little colony in itself, often consisting of three generations, the grandfather in his dotage, and the infant in its cradle. They seem to live in perfect harmony together. The females in the family enjoy a great amount of freedom, a good deal more indeed, than those of higher rank. Old and young are found sitting together, busily employed in embroidery or spinning, or perhaps preparing vegetables for the family meal; but the sight of a stranger will drive them away like a covey of patridges and it is only when they become quite familiarized that they join in the company of men if guests are present.

THE MOTH.

BY BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

Sweet is the death, the death at night,
Of the summer moth that flies
Into a glowing globe of light,
And instantly dies;
For as he flies through the twilight hour,
Seeking every where,
The lamp is to him an open flower,
And his love is hidden there.
And he wakes not from his dream of bliss,
But dies before he knows
Love lies not in a flame like this,
And the lamp is not the rose.
Seeking the flowers of love, I flew
Into a fiery flame instead;
Why, like the moth, did I not too
Instantly fall down dead?

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGERIE."

CHAPTER VIII.

ABOUT six months after Hilda's first entrance into the establishment of Mrs. Cooper, and three months after Jasper Talbot had been matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge, Reginald Glanville and Hugh Fleming sat at a table, on which were decanters of choice liquors. Of these they partook freely, cards and dice filling up the intervals.

A tell-tale, dissipated-looking table it was, with the singular mixture of administrators to the lowest passions of man; and in striking contrast to the mere implements of vice was a massive and elegant escritoire standing open, the pigeon-holes filled with papers and others peeping out of the closed drawers.

Both the men were strongly excited. there was an angry flush on their cheeks, and a sparkling flash in their eyes, not altogether occasioned by the wine they had taken. There was deeper passion in their looks, and more fiery eagerness in their trembling, feverish hands, that clearly showed the characters of the men.

Hugh Fleming leaned back in his chair, an expression of cool determination deepening in his face, calmly surveying his companion, in whose cheek an angry red spot stood. At length, after a few minutes, in which no word had been spoken, the former broke silence. Bringing his hand down on the arm of his companion so heavily that the cards he held flew in every direction, he said, in a low, determined voice, "Glanville, there is no alternative. The money I must have, and the money I will have! For three years I have never troubled you. Are you mad or bewitched to risk angering me now?"

Glanville's eyes flashed, and the crimson on his cheek deepened to a blood red.

"Fleming," said he, "I'll speak out; I will submit to it no longer; and what is more, I cannot. Such monstrous imposition and extravagance! You are a very horse-leech, hanging on my purse till you drain it even beyond the dregs. For twelve long years I have supplied your wants; nay, more, your extravagance, your vices. I have covered all your sins—sheltered you from the consequences of your mad and shameless profligacy."

"Even as I have covered your one great crime, and sheltered your child," said Fleming. "We are quits there, Reginald Glanville."

"Yes, we are quits, Hugh Fleming," said he; "I mean that it shall be so now. I have been a fool to be kept in leading-strings—in fetters—so long. I will endure the thraldom no longer. Do your worst; go to Julia; tell your tale. Better risk all than endure this torturing slavery."

"Yes, that is well," laughed Hugh, scornfully; "I see it all: your sudden fit of bravery—your new-born courage—is perfectly intelligible to me, Reginald. You are content now that the exposure should come, when your extravagance has drained even her fortune. Acre after acre, slice after slice, of that trusting woman's patrimony—her once ample fortune, has been sacrificed to your vices. To keep your name from dishonor—to secure your love—she has nearly bared all that her father's foresight has not secured beyond her power to give or yours to snatch from her fond, yielding generosity. And how you would repay her! Oh, most devoted husband, most spotless lover of that most excellent woman! Ah, you cannot deceive me! You may cheat the world, and Julia herself, but you cannot cheat me. Listen, Reginald Glanville: I know by what means you have retained your hold over Julia's proud heart, and through that, her fortune. She has ever believed you true to her, ever believed in your love, your devotion to her alone; and then, content to secure what the poor trusting, deceived woman thinks more priceless than jewels or gold, she has ignored your other vices, and permitted you to drain her resources; while she holds your heart in fee. Try her now. Take into her presence Jasper Talbot—introduce him as your boy, and then what think you would be the result? I tell you again, you know not Julia's purely passionate nature; you cannot even comprehend, in your shallowness, the intensity of her feelings, her passions. I will not speak of revenge, of jealousy, or of rage; but I do say, what may perhaps weigh more with you, that if you provoke me to the exposure you have so long averted, there will be small hope of obtaining a certain valuable set of diamonds, worth some ten thousand pounds, and belonging to Mrs. Reginald Glanville, in order to borrow on them the sum necessary to relieve you from your present straits. Ha, you start! Do you think I do not know? Do you think that I am not ever present, either in person or by my agents, when you are playing your mad, desperate game? But let us give up this nonsense. I tell you once more, Glanville, I am in difficulty, and you are in my power. You had better come down with the money with a good grace, or else raise it for me in a given time."

"Once for all," replied Glanville, "I will not. I am not in your power so entirely as you suppose. Take the lad, however if you will, into Julia's presence. Tell her all. She will be in a storm of indignation at first, but she will get over it. She must know that I have not been worse than others. I loved, and played the fool with a beautiful girl, and loved her as I never loved before or since; but it was before I saw Julia; and no one can prove that I have ever been untrue to her. No, I have never been so base as that. So long as Julia has walked pure and stainless amidst the temptations that beset one so beautiful and admired, I were indeed a villain to cheat her. My passion for gaming has been my only, but my fatal sin."

Glanville was silent for a few seconds, then he leant forward towards his companion with a strange, earnest, awestruck look, that made even Hugh's blood chill.

"Hugh Fleming," he continued, slowly, "I have heard men in other days talk of the terrible force of habit, and warn their pupils against the fascinating thraldom of dice and wine. I scoffed at it then; but I tell you," and here his face grew haggard, and his tone was low, "I tell you, it is all true. There are passions strong as death. I would this very hour stake my last sovereign at the gambling table if I were immediately afterwards houseless and starving."

Even Hugh was silenced, but not for long. "Then you are decided," said he; "you will not let me have the money?"

"No," replied Glanville, sternly.

Hugh turned his face towards his companion, leaned back in his chair, and said since you will not comply with my request, I fear I must adopt other means which I would rather have been spared, or at least have reserved for another occasion. I did wish to spare you what has however been on my conscience for many a long year. Once more are you determined?"

Glanville was utterly in desperation now. He would have faced a pistol had Hugh Fleming pointed it at him.

"Do your worst," he replied, scornfully; "I will not be longer enslaved."

Fleming smiled exultingly. He waited a few minutes, as if to prolong his victory and the torture of his companion.

"Reginald Glanville," he then said, "I can prove that your marriage with Julia Courtenay was illegal. You were at that time the lawful husband of another—of the mother of Jasper."

Words could not paint the change that came over the face of that miserable man. He grasped the mantel piece, then staggered back, and fell heavily into his chair.

"It is a lie—an infamous lie!" he exclaimed, and he tried to laugh derisively.

Fleming laughed also, but a scornful, light laugh, very different from that tearful scowl.

"Come, come, don't be a fool, Reginald," said he. "What's the use of quarrelling with your best friend, and calling him a liar? I tell you I have the proof."

Hugh drew from his pocket a case in which was a folded paper. Reginald took it, gazed on its lines, and then threw it in the fire. "Where is it now, you fiend—you demon?" he exclaimed, turning round with a look of triumph.

But there was no look of vexation or baffled revenge in Fleming's face.

"My dear fellow," he said; "it is a great pity that you try my friendship so much. I really did think you had more sense, if not more confidence in me. Did you imagine that I should trust you with the original of that precious paper? No, that is safe in my strongest chest, so even this threatened *coup de main* wouldn't avail. And if I were dead, there are those who would carry out my plans."

Glanville was ghastly, pale. "Is she living?" he asked.

"I don't know," replied Hugh.

"Did she know this?" demanded Glanville.

"No; on my honor, no," replied Hugh.

"Then," said Glanville, breathing more freely, "what is the use of all this tragedy, Fleming? If she is dead, you cannot prove that she was living when I married Julia; and even then, it may be all a hoax, a forgery. Why, it is a good joke, is it not, Fleming? Let us call it so, and let it pass. But it was going too far, upon my word," he said, looking intently in Fleming's face.

Hugh's features now changed like magic. He threw away the cigar he had lighted, and then stood up facing his pale and trembling companion.

"Reginald Glanville," said he, "look at me. Do you really deceive yourself? Do you thing I should play so sorry, so stupid a jest? If you doubt my words, listen. When you invited me to officiate on a certain occasion when we were twenty years younger than we are now, I did not see fit to obey you, for more than one reason. First, I did not relish the employment; and next, I had an idea that I might find it useful on some such occasion as this to have you in my power. So I substituted our young acquaintance, who had a right to wear the surplice that I thought fit to decline. And now you see it all."

"Yes, yes, I see," gasped Glanville, in a voice choked with passion and sarcasm; "and I am sure I thank you—and Julia, too; she will thank the cousin, who has brought such misery upon her. She will be proud of her relative. Had you not better walk up at once and inform her of the delightful change, that has been your work—tell her what she really is, and what you are?"

"Beware, Glanville, beware!" said Fleming, frowningly. "You have utterly been mistaken in me, and you may push me too far. You taunt me with my cousin's ruin: that I was aiding and abetting it. Know, then, that not many hours before Julia accepted you, I, who had loved her from my boyhood, who would have died for her, who felt what you, in your flippant selfishness never knew—I was rejected; not in words, but in looks—in actions contemptuously rejected. And because I was lax and immoral—that was the reason hinted to me by one who knew us both. A fine change for you, the husband of another! Glanville, do you remember that I went that very night to the gaming table, mad, desperate; that I played and lost like a lunatic; and that when I sought your help, and learned that night to whom Julia had pledged herself, I vowed revenge? Ay, can you wonder at it? Can you wonder that I could not resist when the means were in my power? I had not to do anything. I had but to leave her to herself—to let her take her own way—seal her own destruction. Was it not a lawful, an honorable revenge—noble and manly?"

Hugh Fleming started up and paced the floor, with a smile on his lips. The past seemed to sweep over him with irresistible force. The agony or love and grief were now fresh on his heart. Julia, in her splendid beauty, her attractions, even as she had appeared fifteen years before, was in his mind. The first agony of her marriage to another rushed across his mind.

There was silence in Glanville's luxurious apartment; that room, so rich in all the adornments which wealth and taste could collect, had lost its attractions.

It has been said that the mind is its own heaven or hell—that it is the heart that gives light or throws darkness on all around. And it is true. The humblest cottage, with its sanded floor, its log fire, its bright pewter and china ornaments, its ticking clock, its singing kettle, and illumined by the light of cheerful hearts and honest consciences, were a palace compared to that splendid room. The rich carpet, the carved oak furniture, the rare pictures, the blazing fire, the costly wines, the bronzes, and statues—what were they to those two troubled, unquiet, terror-stricken spirits? Nothing! or, if anything a mockery. Glanville was the first to recover himself, and break the silence.

"How much money do you require?" he asked.

Fleming started and drew his hand over his eyes, as if to recall present realities from the land of shadows in which he had been lost.

"I shall need at least ten thousand," he replied. "I have to find half of that sum within a week. Then I must have a surplus; and as you know it is necessary for me to keep up a proper appearance, and to keep my income up to the mark, I cannot do without the remainder of the sum for other matters. You can easily get it by obtaining Julia's diamonds, and raising money on them. You would have no difficulty in procuring double or treble the sum on those jewels."

Glanville's face was colorless, but he said, with calm firmness:

"Fleming, am I understand that this is a final amount?"

"For myself—yes," he replied. "Of course you must still meet the lad's expenses."

"I know it," said Glanville; "but what I mean is this: If I find the sum you require—which, mark me, will make at least one hundred thousand dollars that I have advanced to you within the last fifteen years,—then will it be the last and only amount you will require to make you not only free, but also to free me from any danger at your hands? In plain English, is it the price of the paper you hold?"

"Yes, Glanville, yes," replied Fleming, turning sharply on him. "When you give me that sum, the certificate is yours, and, save for the lad, our intimacy will cease forever."

The next moment Reginald Glanville was alone.

CHAPTER IX.

TWO HOURS LATER in the night Julia Courtenay was sitting in the dressing-room of the splendid mansion, where, fifteen years before, she had been installed as a wife.

An elegant abode it was to which she had been brought after the three months' tour on the continent. Everything that could be desired had Reginald Glanville prepared for his wife.

Was not Julia to be envied? The beautiful heiress—the bride of the most attractive and brilliant man of her numerous circle—could any one more fortunate, more distinguished than she? But was she happy? Had the dreams in which she had indulged as a bride, fifteen years before, been realized?

To a clever observer it would have been plainly visible in the slight lines traced across her pensive forehead, and the nervousness, which could not be totally controlled, that Julia Glanville had some deep source of misery; yet, what could it be?

It was bordering on the midnight hour, and the waxen tapers in the toilette candlesticks burned low.

Julia was in her dressing-room, and she was miserable, for she sat in utter loneliness, waiting the return of him who was rarely at her side in social or in domestic life.

This was not the first time that Julia Glanville had awaited, even till the small hours, her husband's return. It was a solitary, joyless life; a constant struggle to be gay with the gayest—happy with the happiest; although she had to endure the worst woe of women—that of an unloved wife. Still she had lived on—hoped on.

Grief and neglect sometimes kill slowly. The heart can bear much ere it breaks; and a loving woman will forgive injuries and endure disappointment. And thus it had been with poor Julia Glanville.

Still, hours of neglect and coldness were fast doing their work upon her. At times she was capricious and irritable; then she would humble herself just for one caress or one affectionate word. The proud woman, the weak, clinging girl, by turns held their sway in that divided and impetuous nature.

And amid all this, still unmoved by the change and the distress of that fair and lonely creature, Reginald Glanville pursued his bad and selfish course.

It was a January night, and cold even for that ungenial season. The heavy clouds completely shut out the stars; and as Julia Glanville sat in the midnight silence, she could hear the fall of rain in the square, and on the balcony before her window.

She knew not whether Reginald was within. Long ago it had been a tacit agreement between them that his movements were to be independent of her, and she never dared to visit his own peculiar room. Still she fancied she had heard sounds that betokened his presence in the house, and she listened to every footstep.

At last the click of the library door was heard; he well-known step was ascending the staircase.

Julia continued to listen. Would he turn off to his own apartment without visiting hers, or would he seek her to bid her good night before ere their separation?

She gave a sigh of relief as her ear detected that the steps came past the door of his own dressing-room to hers, and she bent forward in an expectant attitude as he entered the room.

"Why, Julia, love!" said he, approaching his wife with unwonted tenderness; "still up? Has my wife been waiting for her truant husband?"

"Yes, Reginald, I have been listening for you for more than an hour," she replied. "Have you been out, dear?"

The brow of the impatient man darkened.

"Why am I to be questioned by my wife as to my movements?" he said, sharply. "Julia, what ails you? You used not to be so inquisitive."

The tears now rushed from her eyes; she could not restrain them; and she burst into half-hysterical sobs, that her utmost efforts could not control.

Reginald saw that he had gone too far. He was not altogether hardened, and he now knew how deeply and unintentionally he had injured that beautiful and lovely woman. He drew her to him, and laid his head caressingly on her shoulder.

"Come, Julia, darling, do not cry," said he. "I was very cruel, but I have been vexed and annoyed to-night, and it irritated me to find you up watching, and looking so pale. Come, dearest, I am heart-sick and weary to-night, and want your tender soothings. Kiss me, Julia, and let us forget that we are not the lovers of fifteen years ago."

Julia Glanville crushed back the sobs that choked her, and with that strong impulse of her devoted, forgiving love, she bent down her head to his, kissing his forehead again and again.

Bitter thoughts, it is true, had been in her brain as she sat there alone. Often and often had she whispered to herself, "Why humble yourself to love one so unworthily? Why not cast him from your heart, and let him take his ruinous course?"

But now, when his eyes and caresses bespoke affection—when the reference to the past brought back the devoted love of her youth, then she bent over him and whispered, "Reginald, dearest, only love me, only love me!"

Let not any one despise poor Julia. She was a loving woman, and a true wife, and Reginald Glanville was no ordinary man.

Julia had refused at first to believe the truth. She had trusted to every excuse that he gave for his frequent absences, and for his repeated demands on her purse. Not very long did the trusting woman guess how the passion of gaming had gained complete ascendency over her husband; but at length when he seldom sought his home till midnight; when he then came flushed and heated with wine, and at last in his fitful slumbers murmured of cards and dice, of winnings and losses, then poor Julia Glanville comprehended that she was the wife of a gambler. Then she learned what almost broke her heart; but even then her wifely devotion did not fail. She loved him still, loved him with a deep love that nothing could completely quench.

Sometimes indeed there had been a lull. When Reginald had won—when he was free from the heavy and irritating demands upon him—then he was at least kind, if not lover-like. He would accompany his wife into society, and appear as the elegant and honored host at his table; and amidst all this, the proud, richly endowed woman was a slave to the fascinations that were thrown over her, and literally purchased the attachment of her husband at the cost of a fortune. But the world did not know it. She had smiled in public, and borne misery bravely in private; and scarcely her own servants guessed the misery and degradation she was suffering.

So the boat had drifted down to the shoals, to the rocks that were certain to wreck it; and it was on their verge. The last available hundred of her princely fortune had been expended. Only that settlement which she could not alienate remained. And Julia Glanville, the heiress of the Courte-

nays, had little left save those few thousands, her valuable jewels, and the old house where her childhood and happy girlhood had been passed, and which she had left a beautiful and envied bride.

No wonder that Julia had an eager desire to enjoy the love for which she sacrificed so much; no wonder that she murmured so plaintively, "Love me, Reginald; only give me back the heart that you once vowed was mine, and then all is yours."

Reginald was not wholly bad. He listened with a sharp pang to the words; he looked up in her face with a sad, half-pitying look. The flush of agitated hope and fear had brought back all her old beauty; she was once more the Julia Courtenay of his youth; the Julia who had whispered in his ears the confession of her love. But the iron hand of necessity was on him; he could not draw back. The terror of detected crime, the very sympathy for that deluded and confiding woman, the hope of repairing all by after reformation, combined to urge him on the purpose he had sworn to accomplish.

"Julia, dearest, I have been very wanting in such love," he said; and there was a truth in his look and words that went to her heart. She felt that it was true, at least for the moment. "But I trust," he resumed, laying his head caressingly on her, "that our days of happiness are coming in the end. I will leave it forever. We will go into the country—go to Courtenay Park; and there, in quite and in peaceful happiness, forget and retrieve the past. But, Julia, dearest, there is one sacrifice more—only a temporary one—but I dare hardly ask it at your hands."

She looked eagerly, half sadly, half happily, at him. What a picture her speaking face made at that moment. Very expressive was her countenance as she listened. Reginald could not bear that look. His eyes lowered, his own voice faltered; but there rose up before him the horrid vision of Hugh Fleming's mocking taunts; he heard his cold, stern threats; he saw the step that already sought the door of Julia's chamber to proclaim his villainy.

"Julia," he said, "will you pardon me if I ask this boon?"

"Reginald," she replied, bending over him with those loving eyes, "if this is indeed true, I will give every shilling that is left to me if it can bring my husband back to me once more. This life is killing me. Nay, do not be angry, dearest—I am not reproaching you; but oh, if you knew what I had suffered—and for you! But if you will indeed be happy, I shall be only too blest."

"Thanks, my wife—my own devoted, noble wife!" said Reginald. "But, Julia, it is so much, it is so great a sacrifice for a woman to make! Your diamonds, Julia—will you lend them to me?"

Her face flushed crimson. Reginald thought he had gone too far—had asked too much; but then the next instant he was undeceived. The bright look lighted up her eyes, and she clasped her arms around his neck, with an impulsive gesture of pride and love.

"Oh, my husband, take all!" she cried, "take all; only let this be the end. Let it be your last terrible risk. Visit those horrid places no more, and then I shall care little for all else."

Could any man resist such words—such genuine nobleness?

Reginald could not. He clasped his long neglected wife in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers.

"My Julia! my wife!" he exclaimed; "may Heaven bless you! I can never repay you; but I will yet redeem the past. You shall be happy, my noble Julia, my devoting, sacrificing wife!"

Poor Julia! how those words, those caresses, warmed her heart. How the future rose up smilingly before her; and the sweet, happy hopes of girlhood revived within her! At last she would be happy; at last her husband would be her own. In the peaceful home of her girlhood she should taste the joys of married life, that had never yet been hers. Ah, how light appeared the sacrifice of the pomp and splendor that had brought her so little happiness! how empty the glittering baubles that were demanded of her as a price of such bliss!

"Reginald, my husband, at last, at last!" she murmured.

He felt the soft, happy tears on his cheeks, as he raised his head, and saw the smile on her lips, and for the moment he really believed the promise that he again whispered in her ears.

"And when shall I give them to you, dearest?" she asked.

"To-morrow, dear Julia, will do," he replied. "Let me first make all arrangements, and then I will ask my dear wife for the jewels that she prizes less than her husband's love."

Ah, to-morrow, and to-morrow. Who can tell what the morrow will bring?

CHAPTER X.

IT was the same cold, dreary month of January at Arden Court, the same month when the scenes we have described were taking place in that splendid London house.

Hilda had been at her own home for the holidays—her old home, and yet so changed, but not in externals. It was the inward anxiety and gloom that reigned in the interior of that ancient mansion that made the depressing change; and even a more chilling though vague feeling of distrust and annoyance arose from the undefined yet real influence that Avice Merton exercised over the whole household.

It might be that Hilda had forgotten; it might be that the contact with strangers, the habits of school life, the hearsay accounts of other families, had altered her ideas; yet all seemed different. The bright peacefulness of the house was changed for a cold, formal constraint. A gloom had settled over it. Yet it did not appear to be Avice's fault. She was ever present to watch over Philip; his health, his walks, his diet, were all under her kindly supervision.

"Philip, dear cousin," she would say, "it is too cold for you to go out to-day," or "My dear Hilda, you are too much attached to your uncle to wish him to ride or drive with you, when I tell you that it is only on your especial account that he would attempt it."

Such would be the careful admonitions of Avice. And if any resistance were made to them, then came the half-reproachful, "Oh Philip, you must know that I am only anxious to fulfil our dear Bessie's last injunctions. She was so fearful for you, and she entreated me to watch over you and fill her place in all things. Heaven knows that my obligations to you are heavy enough to induce me to fulfil her request to the very letter."

The soft tears in her eyes, the sweet reproachful smile on her lips, spoke even more plainly than words. But with all this there was a still a restraint. Hilda was impatient of it; perhaps more than the more mature and grave Philip. She watched Avice more closely every day.

To Hilda's fancy, the maiden cousin was provokingly and even strangely improved. The mourning she still wore for Bessie was now so studiously and tastefully arranged, and so becoming, and the pretty tone of half command seemed to sit so naturally on her, that it completely altered her appearance and manner.

Hilda's vacation had passed, and the time of her return to school approached. It was the evening before. She had been out late in the afternoon visiting her mother's grave, and the whole influence of the day and scene were gloomy and depressing on her spirits. Instead of joining her uncle and Avice Merton in the library, where they usually sat before the dinner hour, she went at once to the old housekeeper's room, and asked for a cup of the excellent tea that she usually had ready at that hour.

Mrs. Hislop looked considerably older during the last fifteen years. The grey hair had changed to silver, and the once full eyes had sunk into a kindly dulness. Still she was a shrewd and observing woman; and her memory was wonderful. Her face was one of those fair, dear, fresh-looking countenances that always attract the young from their venerable kindness of expression.

Hilda was extremely fond of the woman, and never failed to visit her whenever the watchful eyes of Avice Merton would permit. But Mrs. Hislop was now becoming too infirm to leave her own apartment, and for some reason or other Hilda was always hindered by her uncle or Avice from going to visit her old friend. Either she was wanted to read or to practice, or to talk, or to attend to some pressing engagement at any of the hours when Mrs. Hislop would be at leisure to converse with her foster child, for so Hilda considered herself.

Bessie Arden has been a second mother to her, but the amiable spinster could scarcely have the knowledge and skill of the mother of six promising children, and several grandchildren. So Mrs. Hislop had had a great deal to do with the "rearing" of the little waif in the weary world, and loved and admired her accordingly with maternal affection and pride; and Hilda fully returned the old lady's care with warm affection and gratitude.

The gentle tap of the girl was soon answered by a "Come in," and the next moment Hilda was seated on her accustomed place at the housekeeper's feet.

"My dear young lady, I am delighted to see you," she said, "I seem to have had very little of your company since you came home and you are going to-morrow, are you not?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hislop, I am sorry to go, and yet I am happy at school.'

"Happier than you are here, Miss Hilda?" she asked.

"Well, I scarcely know," replied Hilda. "Certainly not happier than I was in my dear Aunt Bessie's time."

The girl sighed deeply, and Mrs. Hislop looked earnestly at her.

"Miss Hilda, my dear child," she said, "tell me, is Miss Merton unkind to you?"—

"Unkind! oh no, certainly not," she replied.

"Then why are you less happy?" said the old lady. "Excuse me, Miss Hilda, but you are like a child of my own, and I can't help speaking my mind; and what is more, it may be the last time that I may have the chance to do so.'

"The last time!" said Hilda. "Oh, Mrs. Hislop, what do you mean? Are you going away from Arden Court?'

"I think so my child,' she replied; "but not to any other earthly home. I feel that I shall not live much longer, my child, and I do not expect to see you again. I feel as if I were leaving you alone in a weary and dangerous world."

"Mrs. Hislop," said Hilda, looking up with her clear bright eyes, "I should feel as if I lost another mother if I lost you; but what do you intend me to understand? There is something in your mind that you do not tell me. Uncle Philip! is it anything about him that you mean? Do you not think he would stand my friend always, and take care of his little ward?"

"I do, Miss Hilda," she replied. "No one knows Mr. Philip's nature better than I do, and, what is more, his love for your mother. It's no use talking of what can't be realized, but I shall never forget the day when the news of your mother's marriage came, nor the one when she was brought to the house, and you were born. I did not know till afterwards what was the reason, for I had only just begun, as it were, to be at all acquainted with my new master and mistress. But we soon got to know one another; and then, when you were born, it brought us all together as we never were before. And from that day I would have laid down my life for Mr. Philip, or for you either, you little motherless child."

Mrs Hislop put her handkerchief to her withered cheek, to brush away the tears that had stolen down, and Hilda pressed the hand she held to her warm lips.

"Please go on, Mrs. Hislop," she said; "I like to hear it."

"Well, as I was going to say, Miss Hilda," she resumed, "I do wish that Miss Bessie, poor dear lady, had lived to see you grow up, or else that Mr. Philip was not quite so blind."

"So blind!" repeated Hilda.

There was a mingling of indignation and of uneasiness in the girl's look and tone.

"Pray, Miss Hilda, don't be angry," said the old housekeeper. "I mean no disrespect to my honored master, nor to you either. But I am an old woman, and have seen a great deal of the world, I can read true from false, and see the workings of people's minds when they do not think I do; and I only wish your dear guardian would make matters certain for ever and aye, as the saying goes, and settle you under guardians, and make all that nothing could change it."

The girl was prematurely old. Her early memories, her frequent association with grown-up people, and the deep, sad, constant yearnings at her heart for a father's love, a faithful protection, had all tended to mature and quicken her faculties and her prescience for the future.

"Mr. Hislop," she said, turning to the worthy woman with a quiet yet commanding air, "I am but a child in years, but I am a woman in feeling and in the sorrows that have come upon me. Tell me plainly what you fear, and whom you fear."

"I will, Miss Hilda, I will," she replied. "I may never see you again, and I am resolved that, if anything is wrong, it shall not be my fault that you were not warned, or that you did not know how matters really stand; only you must take care to keep all quiet and silent for the present."

"I will not betray your confidence, Mrs. Hislop," said Hilda; and from the calm, determined tone in which she spoke, the girl of fifteen might have been five-and-twenty.

"Then, in few words, Miss Hilda, it is Miss Avice that I fear," said the old housekeeper. "From the very moment that she came to the house, I have seen that she has made up her mind to be mistress of Arden Court; and though I believe she gave up the idea after a bit, when she saw that my master cared for no one after your mother's death, except you and Miss Bessie, and only wanted to secure a good legacy when he died, yet, since she has been left alone with him, it has been quite different."

"How, Mrs. Hislop? In what way?" demanded Hilda.

"Different altogether," replied the housekeeper. "She has appeared ten years younger, and a deal more winning in her ways, and he has been more thrown on her than ever. But Mr. Philip is no more in love with her, Miss Hilda, than he is with me; but he couldn't do without her now and that's a great point gained. I believe he'd miss her more than he did poor Miss Bessie. She seems to have changed her very nature. She has got such gentle, quiet ways, always ready to walk and talk when he wants her, to be silent when he doesn't wish to talk. And she gets hold of his books, and is ready to hear all he has to say when he's been reading; and altogether she makes herself quite like a wife to him."

"A wife!" said Hilda, starting. "Mrs. Hislop, you cannot mean that he ever could think of marrying Cousin Avice?"

"I can't say that, Miss Hilda," she replied. "I cannot tell, but I only know this: a gentleman like my dear master, who has been all his life with such a sister as Miss Bessie, and now, when you are away, and he is left with one as clever and gentle as his cousin seems to be, is sorely tempted to do something strange; but his health is not what it was, and his spirits and nerves are failing; and altogether, Miss Hilda, I wish you had come home for good, or were safely settled under a proper guardian's care."

The girl remained thoughtful and silent. Then she said, "But what can I do, Mrs. Hislop?"

"Only this, my dear child," she replied. "If anything happens while I am alive, I will let you know at once; and if I am gone, I tell you who will be as true as steel, if his life hung on it, and that is Josiah Blunt. I shall take care he knows where you are, my dear child, and that he shall have money to come to you or send for you at once. And, whatever happens, Miss Hilda, be certain of one thing—Mr. Philip loves you for your mother's sake and your own, and he would no more wrong you than he would his own dear child. And don't blame him, but blame the artful hussy that has imposed on the truest and the noblest gentleman in the county, just when his very strength and life were gone, fading into the grave, where all he loved best were gone before him. Will you promise this, Miss Hilda?"

"From my very heart, Mrs. Hislop," said Hilda. "Do you think I could blame Uncle Philip, whatever he did?"

"I dare say not—I dare say not," replied the old woman; "but it's hard to a young creature like you to see first one and then the other wronging you. And here, take this—it's something that I have saved; and something told me I had better say nothing about it till I saw how all things went on, and you were old enough, Miss Hilda. I always meant to give it to you; but you must not open it yet—no, not till some especial emergency makes it necessary that you should do so. Do you understand, Miss Hilda?"

As she spoke she handed the girl a little packet containing a small, hard substance, and apparently some thick paper covering it in the envelope.

"Will you promise, Miss Hilda?"

"I will," replied the girl; "but will you not tell me something more of this mysterious charge?"

"No, Miss Hilda, not now," said the old woman. "It was something that your poor mother herself intrusted to me rather than even to my master or to Miss Bessie, for reasons that she had, and which I did not so well know then as I do now. And as I may perhaps never see you again, and I do not know who may be at my death, I give it to you. And take my advice, my dear young lady—never let it out of your own keeping, and do not open it till you are seventeen, unless some terrible emergency make it needful. It will be quite soon enough then for the knowledge to be given to you."

"I guess what it will explain to me, then," said the girl, flushing; "but I will keep my word. Till I am seventeen I will not open the packet, unless, indeed, I am forced to do so."

The woman looked kindly at her, and said, "I can trust you, young as you are, my dear young lady. Take it, and my blessing be on you! Remember that He who guided your mother's steps hither, when you were an unborn infant, and placed you under the care of those who knew and loved her and you, for her sake, will watch over you to your life's end, if you put your trust in Him."

"I will—I do," said the girl, tears falling silently down her cheeks. "I will; but oh, it is very bitter to feel that I am worse than an orphan—that the only friend left me is the most injured by the fault of the only parent I ever knew, while my father, of whose name I am ignorant, has discarded my mother, and is perhaps utterly regardless of her death or my existence. Can any fate be more bitter than mine?"

"Yes, Miss Hilda, many," replied Mrs. Hislop. "You are innocent, young, beautiful, and with health and talents to conquer every difficulty, and to make life happy and bright in after days. My child take the word of an old woman, who is now reaching the end of her earthly career, and be sure that there is no unbearable sorrow where there is no sin, and that God will lead and guide you, even when your heart is downcast and terrified."

"I must go now, dear nurse," said Hilda rising. "I shall come and see you before I leave in the morning; but I promise to remember your words, and to keep the directions you have given me, and I a thousand times thank you, my dear, dear old friend."

The beautiful girl stopped down and kissed the withered cheek of her aged nurse. It was a strange contrast of youth and beauty with the decrepitude of age. But the light in the eyes, and the kind placid smile on the thin, pale lips, shed a charm even where all the physical beauty or comeliness was gone forever. And Hilda went to her room, and kneeling down by her couch, prayed with her whole heart for strength and wisdom to meet all the trials that might await her. Then she obeyed the summons to dinner with a calmer heart and a more cheerful face than she could have had some hours before.

Yet, was it fancy, or did Avice Merton look at her with a keener gaze than usual when the eyes of her guardian were engaged elsewhere? Was it fancy, that the voice of the maiden cousin assumed a sweet and pensive tone when talking to the master of Arden Court, that was foreign to it in days of yore?

Hilda could scarcely determine it, but an uneasy feeling came over her as she perceived that the little offices formerly performed by Bessie were now so entirely engrossed by her cousin.

"Thank you, dear child, but Avice is so used to me, she can manage it best," was the uniform reply when Hilda sprung forward to offer some little attention, or requested leave to perform some little service.

Hilda wondered whether Bessie was forgotten, still more whether it were possible that her own mother's place in her guardian's heart could be filled by one so inferior both to the kind, unselfish Bessie, and the lovely original of that miniature that constantly hung around her own fair neck.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HAT.—Formerly the hat was ornamented with showy plumes and sometimes with rare gems, and the form and color designated the rank of the wearer. About the middle of the twelfth century one is described as wearing "a hatte or biever." Whether or not the plug hat of to-day, is uncertain.

In many countries the style of the hat has not changed for hundreds of years—the Spanish sombrero of to-day is the same as that worn by the great grandfathers of the present generation. In Germany and in Holland father and son wear the same kind of head-covering, but in England, France, and in this country the fashion changes with every season.

The founder of the Society of Friends, created quite a stir in England with the "Quaker hat." "Proud flesh," said he, "looks for hat honor," and refused to take his hat off in the presence of the magistrates and ministers of that time. His disciples followed their leader and agreed to pay no "hat-honor." This of course led to a conflict with the authorities and those opposed to the [illegible]

TILL DEATH US PART.

BY DEAN STANLEY.

"Till death us part,"
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom;
Thro' blessing, and thro' curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one till that dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriad grasp,
Our yearning souls shall clasp,
By ceaseless love and still expectant wonder,
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

Till Death us join,
O voice yet more divine!
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime;
Thro' lonely hours
And shattered powers
We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death, with his healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which none may sever;
Till, thro' the Only Good,
Heard, felt, and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

What Women Can Do.

BY S. H. W.

"WHAT a terrible thing poverty must be!" exclaimed a young girl who was standing at the window of a luxuriously furnished room, impervious to the cold piercing wind that was raging without.

"It is, indeed," said Mrs. Herbert in a low voice.

Alice turned around—her mother's eyes were full of tears.

"Dear mother," said she, going up to her, "what affects you thus?"

"You little know, my child, how deeply I can feel for the poor," said Mrs. Herbert, returning her fond caress; "for although I have not suffered from that actual poverty of which you were thinking, I have been sufficiently near it in my life to understand its terror."

"You, mother, you!" and her children crowded around her. They were five in number—Wallace, a fine, spirited youth of eighteen; Alice, two younger; Mary, Bertha and Frank, a little rogue of eight summers.

"When was that, darling, best of mothers?" said Wallace, seating himself on her side. "Tell us about this sad time of which we never dreamed."

The mother smiled fondly on the little group, and passed an arm over Mary's shoulder.

"Your father and myself were very young at the time of our marriage—too young, in fact. Your grandmother was in favor of our early union, she could urge her own happiness as a powerful argument, and your grandfather yielded to her entreaties and ours. A few months previous to this there came on the commercial horizon a dark spot which, when we deemed ourselves comfortably settled for life, burst over our heads in spite of your father's struggles to avert it.

"Our happy home had to be given up, and I returned with one child, Wallace, to my old homestead, where I was received with open arms.

"My poor husband never lost his spirits or his energy, and to work he went again with a small capital advanced him by my own father, for like many others, his relatives now talked about the imprudence of our marriage, and left him to his own exertions. My father, too, was a victim to the prevailing times. His failure was to him a terrible blow. He had no youth to spur him on—he had no strength to recommence, and he sunk under his misfortunes.

"Mother was very delicate—she had long been an invalid, and ere long I was left an orphan and penniless again.

"We were then dependent on the prosperity of your grand parents for a salary, and never, never shall I forget my agony as I left my childhood's home to strangers.

"All was given up, and I must have died but for my husband's firmness under all this.

"He was the first to comfort and bid me smile again. He still hoped on, and busied himself with providing us a shelter in the storm. It was a small, poor place, my children, and boasted of three rooms.

"We furnished it as we could, and never dreamed of comfort, when it was hard to get food and raiment. This was about two months before Alice was born."

"And where were my father's sisters?" asked Alice, whose deep-blue eyes were filled with tears, while Wallace covered his face with his hands. "Could they not help him, mother?"

"They were worldly women, my love, and seemed to look upon our reverses as the effect of an imprudent union. They were of that fashionable set to whom poverty is as a disgrace, and brought up as they were, I could not blame them that they avoided us."

"Oh, mother! mother! do not say that!" cried Alice, kissing her. "How could they let these poor hands toil so unceasingly, and never offer to lighten your labors."

"It was as well that we could feel independent, my love, and we were all glad when we left our native place to settle here, where there seemed an opening for beginners.

"We arrived here in good spirits and left all regret behind us.

"Your father had secured us board and lodging in a very respectable family, reduced like ourselves.

"At length your father insisted on getting a servant for me, and I was once more free to spend my time as of yore.

"But you will smile, my dear ones, when I tell you of one cause of sorrow to me at that time.

"It was an old coat of Alfred's that was entirely thread-bare, his 'Sunday-suit' as he called it laughingly.

"How industriously I brushed that coat every Monday, for two years, folding it carefully and laying it in a drawer, with the vest and scarf, I could not tell you.

"But now it seemed so old and shabby, so foxy and worn, that I could not help crying bitterly every time I put it away.

"Often have my tears helped to clean it as I rubbed the spots on it, or sought for the thin places to darn before it commenced to split.

"But there came a ray of sunshine—then another, and we held up our heads.

"The day I saw Alfred dressed like himself once more I nearly shrieked for joy, and when I found myself housekeeping again with something of the old comfort around us, I blessed God that He had given us trials and taught us how to live.

"I no longer looked upon my comforts as things to gladden me, and poverty was a blessing compared to this!

"It is said that trials never come singly, and we were an example.

"Your father's health gave way under his terrible fatigues, and he was very ill for some time. His despression of mind increased his malady, and for three months he was an invalid, unable to leave the house.

'All that we had in the world was a small sum he had laid by in case of emergency, and day by day I saw it lessen, concealing from Alfred as well as I could the privations I underwent to make it last.

"Without his knowing it, I had dismissed my servant.

"There was little enough to cook, and as I always attended to our own room he did not miss her.

"One day he turned to me with a mournful look.

"'Alice,' said he, 'your funds must be exhausted, my dear wife. Send Janet to me—I must make the trial at least.'

"I asked him what he wanted with her.

"'I want to write a note to Preston—he will lend me money. That small sum cannot support us for any time. Let me do it, Alice—I must. Tell Janet to get ready to go down to the office with my letter.'

"'Put it off until I tell you I have no more, will you, Alfred? You might grant me this!' And I sat down by him with a look of entreaty that he said he could not resist—so I conquered. The assurance that we were not starving, and his conviction at length that I could mete out my little sum yet awhile, strengthened him greatly. I wish you could have seen him, dear children, the day he was well enough to go out, how proudly he walked into the yard and called Janet! But no Janet came, and not wishing to disturb me, he went as far as the kitchen door. Then he found out my secret, and then he scolded and laughed by turns."

Mrs. Herbert had not seen her husband enter, he stole softly behind the little group, and looked fondly on the sharer of his early vicissitudes.

As she paused at this part of her narrative, he threw his arm around her.

She turned her head to smile upon him, and he sat down beside her with her hand in his.

"Your mother has not told you all, my children," said he, with glistening eyes. "How often she went to the door and called Janet long after she had discharged her, pretending to take from her hands at the door whatever I asked for. Nor how our trouble brought us closer together. We look back with gratitude for it all—assured now that we have been permitted to fulfill our marriage vow to the letter. I succeeded after a few years in establishing myself in a position of much advantage. I grew wealthy, and gained many friends in consequence, who feted us, and sought our society. But through all we found one who stood behind us fast and firm. He is yet our beloved and esteemed guest, as often as the week comes round, do you, my children, welcome him as we do."

"Mr. Eldon!" they cried. "Is it not Mr. Eldon?"

"It is, indeed, my dears, and to this day he cannot recall without emotion his absence from the city at the time of my illness. He was traveling on urgent business, and my letters never reached him. I dare say, Alice, that you do not like Mr. Eldon the less for this, hey, girl?"

Alice blushed and hid her face on her mother's bosom. Mr. Eldon's nephew was no indifferent person it would appear, and the parents exchanged smiles as the mother's gentle hand fondly stroked the shining hair that floated over her arm.

"I thought, dear mother, that I could not love you more than I have hitherto," said Wallace, kissing her tenderly; "but my affection must be twofold after to-day. The aim of our lives shall be to make ourselves worthy of such a devoted, self-sacrificing mother."

"I honor you for such sentiments, my fine fellow," said Mr. Eldon, entering familiarly, and holding out his hand. "I am sure we must all be proud of my friend Herbert's wife and children."

"And we, dear sir, of your friendship," said Wallace, as they gathered around the kind old gentleman. "We did not know until to-day how much we owed you, dearly as we love and respect you. Mother has been telling us—"

"Pshaw! pshaw, my dears!" interrupted he, with glistening eyes, and smiling merrily, "don't believe her! don't believe her! She makes it bigger every time she tells it, and I'm going to forbid the story's being told again."

"Ah! but you could not forbid our gratitude, Mr. Eldon," said little Mary, nestling up to him; "you can't do that, sir."

He stopped her mouth with kisses, and seating her on his knee, took a letter out of his pocket, and handed it to Mr. Herbert. "I took this out of the office for you, as Calvert told me you were not down yet."

A visible change came over Mr. Herbert's face as he read it, but a smile followed the change. He looked up at his wife as he finished it, and placed it before her.

'Read that aloud, my love, it concerns us all. The offer is a singular one, and the condescension rather equivocal. It is a letter from my sister, Mrs. Blunt."

An exclamation of astonishment escaped each one; but Mrs. Herbert was allowed to read it uninterrupted.

It was an offer from Mrs. Blunt his sister, to adopt one of the girls.

The indignation which the tender epistle was received was indescribable, and Alice was chosen to answer it by the entire assembly. So on the following morning she presented her father with her reply.

"DEAR AUNT,—Since you last heard of my father, he has been assailed by ill health and extreme poverty. From these two evils he was rescued by the affectionate care and wise economy of the best of wives, who, I thank God, is not only well but looking as youthful as a women of twenty-five. They have found, too, a friend, who helped them kindly through their misfortunes, and still clings fondly to us all. I am the eldest girl—Mary and Bertha come next. My brother, Wallace, is two years my senior, and Frank is the youngest of all. Within my recollection we have always lived in the most comfortable manner. We now manage to get on as decently as people can who have only eight thousand a year, and beg to decline your very obliging offer of adopting any of us. We are the happiest family in the world, and pride ourselves upon the patience and firmness with which our parents bore their youthful trials.

"Very respectfully, &c.
ALICE HERBERT."

"This will do, my love," said her father, placing the letter in its envelope. "In a few days we shall certainly have an answer, and I predict a very different style from the first, or Blunt has altered wonderfully since I knew him. He worships the almighty dollar devoutly."

A few days after Mr. Herbert brought home the following epistle, over which Alice's beautiful lip curled involuntarily.

"MY DEAR HERBERT,—Octavia was much affected by your dear girl's communication. We were all so glad to hear from you at last—for we had often thought of, and feared you might be in distress. I cannot tell how glad we are to find how successful you have been. It has relieved our hearts of a load indeed. (Here Mr. Eldon gave a kind of groan and tossed Frank over his shoulder. Mr. Herbert smiled sadly, but continued to read.) Your sisters are very anxious to see you and your lovely family, so you may look for Octavia and myself about the beginning of next month. With kindest love to Mrs. Herbert and your children, I bid you adieu.

"Very sincerely yours,
MACDUFF B. BLUNT."

"They shan't come, shall they, mother," cried Alice. "We do not want them to care for us now."

"For your father's sake they must be kindly received, my daughter," was the mother's reply. "They may yet learn to give us credit for whatever virtues we may have, and excuse our faults."

"And it is never too late to mend, Ally," said Mr. Eldon, patting her shoulder. "Forgive and forget, is a beautiful motto, my dear."

Alice blushed, but held out her little white hand. "I am ashamed of my childishness, and do poor credit to my darling mother. Do try and let it be forgotten, and I will make up for it by playing the agreeable to my aunt, because she is my father's sister."

And so when Mr. and Mrs. Blunt arrived, they were agreeably surprised with the reception they met.

The Herberts made no professions—they were too sincere for that, but they were all polite from the beginning of the visit to the end.

Mrs. Blunt was delighted with her brother's wife and family; and when, two years after, she was invited to Alice's wedding, she presented the bride with a beautiful silver pitcher, to which Mr. Blunt added a set of crystal for young Mrs. Eldon, to begin housekeeping with.

Alice sighed as she looked at her splendid gifts, and thought of the time when half their value would have made their poor mother feel rich.

But with the bright tears in her soft eyes, she wound her arms around that beloved mother, and laid her young face against hers.

"Dear mother! those who need not such rich and costly things are always filled with them. My uncle Eldon has to-day settled on me alone—independently of what he gives Edward—an annuity of nine hundred dollars. I have resolved to lay by so much a year for benevolent purposes, and together we will seek out the poor and the needy. Best of mothers! I cannot equal you in goodness, but I will do my best not to waste the great blessing God has given me."

THE New York *Tribune* says that "showers of pins fall in a Baltimore house, and no one knows whence they come." Showers of rolling-pins, pie-plates, brooms and things frequently fall in a Chicago man's house, but he knows exactly where they come from. So does his wife.

The Iron Street.

BY HENRY FRITH.

THE virtues of the Belgians were, in the year 1020, of a much more austere character than they are at the present day, and, as a natural consequence, the punishments awarded to crime were severe, and administered with inflexible justice.

At the period referred to, lived Herkenbald, supreme judge of the city of Brussels, a man whose perfect integrity is cited as an example even to this day.

He was then about 70 years of age, a widower; his family consisting of a nephew, whom he had reared in his own house, and a daughter named Blanche, whose goodness and affection he valued above everything in the world.

Brought up together from childhood, mutual attachment had ripened into protestations of love between the nephew and daughter, sanctioned by the old judge, who, thus deeply interested in his nephew, desired that the young man should replace him in the administration of justice, when either age or death should remove him from the judgment seat.

With much anxiety, then, he saw this young man give himself up to loose companionship and vicious dissipations; he saw, however his daughter loved the prodigal in spite of all, and he hoped that time would work the needed reformation.

One day, as the worthy judge sat dispensing equal justice to all who sought it—to peasant as to lord—a poor old man, with terror in his looks and tears coursing down his furrowed cheeks, came and threw himself on his knees before him.

"Rise, good man," said Herkenbald; "no one should kneel for justice—it is the right of all who ask it. Speak; what would you?"

"Justice! justice, which I know you will not refuse me. My lord,"—his tears fell faster—"I want but justice,—would to God I had not needed to ask for it. You have a child—a daughter, my lord judge; I too—I am a father. My child, my daughter, was everything in the world to me—family, riches, hope, pride. She was chaste and pure. There was not under the sun a father happier in his child than I. Now, all is lost to me; my child—justice, lord!—my child is but as the shadow of what she was. A young man—a beast, debauched and vile! forgive me, my lord judge—in spite of her shrieks—in spite of everything—the monstrous villain has dishonored my child."

Herkenbald's cheeks grew pale as he heard the old man's accusation, and he devoutly crossed himself. He took up a book of laws, and with trembling hands looked over its pages. While the judge read, a profound silence was in the place, broken only by the sobs of the unhappy father.

After he had read for a few moments, the judge's hand was observed to close upon the book with a tightened grasp; he then appeared to re-read a portion of the page with increased attention. At length, he closed the volume, and after a moment's pause, turned and said—

"You shall be avenged; the laws give you the blood of the criminal!"

"Oh! my lord," cried the miserable father, "I do not seek his life."

The inflexible judge heard him not.

"Where is this guilty wretch?" he demanded, rising from his seat.

"He—he is yet in my house."

"We will go thither;" and, making a sign to his officers to follow him, the judge went forth.

On the way, the old man, who was troubled at the severity with which the judge seemed disposed to do him justice, would have spoken a few words in extenuation of the criminal; but Herkenbald, pale and abstracted, pressed sternly forward, seemingly unconscious of everything that was passing around him.

At length they reached the house where the crime had been committed, and demanded admittance. After awhile, some one opened the door from within;—it was the nephew of Herkenbald!

The old judge's heart stood still. For a minute he was silent.

"Know you the infamous wretch who has done this crime!" he asked at length. "Is he of your friends?"

Fainting with terror, and utterly confounded, the young man at once threw himself at his uncle's feet, and confessed himself the criminal.

Herkenbald's face became deadly pale.

"My Blanche! my poor child!" he murmured to himself. Tears sprang to his eyes and for a while he spoke not. When he did speak his voice was low, but unfaltering.

"You must die!" he said.

"Oh, Heaven!" shrieked the terrified wretch; "forgive me, uncle; I was out of my senses—drunk with wine."

"You have done that for which the penalty is death, and—you die!"

The criminal abandoned hope. A confessor went to his side, and when he retired, the judge made a sign.

The guilty nephew was decapitated on the spot.

Herkenbald returned home weeping.

Not long could the horrible story be kept from his child; the facts were related to her carefully, but the shock was greater than she could bear; her heart was broken, and in less than a year she died.

The old judge did not long survive his lost darling; for the love and blessings of the people, dear as they were to him, could not sustain him under so great an affliction.

The street in which the crime was committed, and its terrible punishment consummated has ever since been called the "Iron street."

HUSH!

BY J. R. L.

"I can scarcely hear," she murmured,
"For my heart beats loud and fast,
But surely, in the far, far distance
I can hear a sound at last."
"It is only the reapers singing,
As they carry home their sheaves,
And the evening breeze has risen,
And rustles the dying leaves."

"Listen! there are voices talking."
Calmly still she strove to speak,
Yet her voice grew faint and trembling,
And the red flushed in her cheek.
"It is only the children playing,
Below, now their work is done,
And they laugh that their eyes are dazzled
By the rays of the setting sun."

Fainter grew her voice, and weaker,
As, with anxious eyes, she cried,
"Down the avenue of chestnuts
I can hear a horseman ride."
"It is only the deer that were feeding
In a herd on the clover grass,
They were startled, and fled to the thicket
As they saw the reapers pass."

Now the night arose in silence,
Birds lay in their leafy nest,
And the deer couched in the forest,
And the children were at rest;
There was only a sound of weeping
From watchers around a bed;
But rest to the weary spirit,
Peace to the quiet Dead!

The Coquette's Love.

BY CHARLES NAYLOR.

ARE you engaged to be married to Charlie Danforth, Kate?" asked Ann Duncan of her friend.

"Pray why do you ask that question?" retorted Kate Landon, rather peevishly.

"I asked merely for information," replied Ann.

"Well, what put such an idea into your head? I cannot guess who told you. I am very sure I never lisped such a thing."

"Such is the current report, Kate. You have not told me whether it is true; but I mistrust it is."

"Yes, I'll own it, Ann; though I'm ashamed to."

"When are you going to be married? or don't you intend to be married?"

"I told him I would be married next winter, but I won't. I am tired of him already."

"Kate Landon," said Ann, "will you promise to answer me one question, if you can?"

"Yes, half a dozen, if they are not too silly."

"How many times have you been engaged, then?"

"'Pon my word, I don't know. Twenty times, I guess."

"As many as that, to my knowledge," said Ann.

"Yes," said Kate, "there was Will Harle. He was such a wit that I told him I would have him for the sake of laughing; but I soon got tired of his folly, and told him so. And Captain Stanton, with such beautiful, curling mustaches! I never liked him. I only engaged myself to him for the sake of teasing Fan Lawrence. And Burwell; I don't know why I flirted with him, except it was because no one else offered himself just then. And there was Mr. Higgins, with a most beautiful hand and foot! But I found he wore tight boots, and I would not have him. Who would? And young Simper, who looked so sentimental, and always talked of love and moonlight! I concluded he must be the man in the moon, and I should not like to live in moonshine always. And there was Wilmerton, who looked so silly, and never said anything worth mentioning in his life. But I never engaged myself to him. I flirted with him till he made me an offer, and then refused him. And Jenkins! Good reason why I refused him. The only question in my mind is why I ever engaged to marry him. And Simpson—his father was rich, but I found that he was stingy. There is a host of others, but I am tired. They call me a coquette, but I don't care. I wont have anybody I don't like; and if I find it out after I am engaged to them, I'll break off the match."

"I would not have any one I did not like either, Kate; but why did you not mention Henry Eaton in your catalogue? I thought he stood at the head!"

"Because I did not want to, Ann. I do not like to speak of him with those fellows."

"But you were engaged to him, were you not?"

"Yes; we promised to have each other when we were children, and renewed the promise once a week regularly, until he went away."

"Why did you then break the engagement? I should have thought it was so strong, no power on earth could have done it."

"I thought so once, but I have grown wiser. I have found by sad experience that vows are things of air."

"But you really loved Henry, once?"

"Yes, and always have, and do yet."

"Why, what made you refuse him, then?"

"I did not refuse him, Ann. The fact is, that Henry Eaton was poor, and he felt it. Edward Leslie's father was very wealthy; he had just returned from college, and frequently came to see me, though for nothing more than friendship, and because we were children together, as you yourself know.

"Henry was a little jealous; he hinted his suspicions to me.

"I was angry that he should suspect that I could love any one more than him, and especially that I loved him less because he was poor.

"I told him, in a pet, that if he thought me so fickle, he could be released from all childish engagements.

"This only confirmed his suspicions; he left me. I received a letter of farewell from him.

"Where he went, I never knew. He has probably forgotten me, and given his heart to one more worthy of him; but I have not forgotten him, and never can.

"They call me a heartless coquette; perhaps Henry does. I was not a coquette then, though I have been since.

"My heart is given to Henry, but I have lost his."

"But, Kate, if you have loved no one but Henry Eaton, why have you so often promised to marry others? Was it for the sake of breaking your promise?"

"No, not exactly that; I hardly know why I have done so. I have given you the reason for some of my engagements. I did not know but I might forget Henry, and love some other one—but I cannot; sometimes I did it for fun, and sometimes I was altogether reckless. But I will never promise to marry again. I'll tell Charles Danforth I cannot love him, and live a nun for Henry's sake."

"See that you keep that resolution," said Ann, laughing at Kate's sober conclusion.

"Oh! I'm in earnest. I'm tired of hearing of broken hearts and dying lovers. There is no sense in it. I am tired of being called cruel and hard-hearted. I'll give no more occasions for silly words and sickening sonnets. I am really determined to take the veil."

"Perhaps you are serious, but I'll wager a diamond ring that you will be engaged again before the end of the winter."

"I don't think I shall have much need of diamond rings in a convent," said Kate; "but I'll accept your bet, for I know I shall win and it shall remain a lasting witness that I have, at least, kept one promise."

Thus the bet was agreed upon.

Kate Landon had determined to become a nun, and immediately wrote for admission to a convent in the following spring.

I don't know but she would have taken the veil the next day after her conversation with Ann Duncan: but Ann was to be married in a few weeks to Edward Leslie, and Kate had promised to be her bridesmaid.

This, like the promise between Kate and Henry Eaton, had been made in childhood and ratified ever since.

If Kate was married first, Ann was to be her bridesmaid; and if Ann was married first, Kate was to be hers.

Though Kate had made twenty promises to her beaux, and broken them all; and though she had declared that vows are things of air, yet these two promises she had ever considered sacred; and though her promise to Henry was now void, yet there were moments like that in which she had conversed with Ann Duncan, when she felt that perhaps it was binding, and she would live in seclusion rather than trifle with or break the engagement.

The promise she had made to Ann, though of minor importance, was also a promise of childhood, and had now remained in full force; and Kate deferred entering the convent, in order to fulfil it.

Ann's wedding was a joyous occasion to all save Kate Landon. It had been long wished for and expected.

The parties were wealthy, and young, and handsome, and happy in each other's love.

The wedding party was large and fashionable. The apartments were splendidly adorned and lighted up. The refreshments were rare and sumptuous.

The bride was elegantly arrayed. She looked almost as beautiful as Kate.

The bridegroom looked better than usual, though Kate thought not so well as Henry Eaton.

But all this happiness, elegance, beauty and bliss had no charms for Kate.

She had dressed herself richly, and with taste, and looked beautiful; for she could not look otherwise.

She looked happy and pleased, for she would not look otherwise at Ann's wedding; yet she felt that such a festival might have been, but never would be for her.

That all those happy smiles and joyous wishes and bridal kisses might have been lavished upon her who soon would be so lonely.

When she looked at Edward, the happy bridegroom, she thought of Henry and their sad parting, and longed for the sad cell of the convent—the holy cloister of the devoted nun.

Gay music echoed through the festive halls. Youth and beauty joined in the "light-toed dance," but as Kate accepted the hand of the first groomsman to join in the quadrille, she felt that it was for the last time.

Her partner was a young gentleman from India. He had just arrived.

Kate had been introduced to him as Lieutenant Atwood, an old friend of Edward Leslie's, who had returned in order to visit his friends, and be present at Edward's wedding.

He was tall, erect, and of a fine figure; with large, regular features, and dark, expressive eyes.

He was noble, dignified and commanding in his bearing; graceful in the dance—all that a girl could love.

Before they had finished the first set, Kate was deeply interested in his conversation, and thought he bore a strong resemblance to Henry Eaton.

She was tired and did not join in the second quadrille; but Mr. Atwood sat by her on the window-seat, and was even more interesting than in the dance.

Ann Duncan (now Mrs. Leslie) looked at them and thought of the diamond ring.

Mr. Atwood attended Kate to the supper-table. She did not flirt; she was evidently pleased with him.

He handed her into the carriage, and Kate asked him to call upon her.

He called the next morning.

I hasten to the sequel.

The winter was not more than half finished when Ann received a diamond ring and a note from Kate, stating that she was once more engaged to be married, and before the end of winter there was a more splendid and elegant wedding. A larger and more fashionable party than we have before described.

A more beautiful bride and a handsomer bridegroom than Ann Duncan and Edward Leslie.

Kate Landon was married to Henry Eaton.

Solution—Lieutenant Atwood was Henry Eaton. The plot and the fictitious name had been contrived by Ann Duncan and Edward Leslie.

The climate and hardships of India had so changed Henry; his dress and manners were so altered, that Kate did not recognize him. After the wedding Kate received a diamond ring from Ann. She had not made a new engagement; only renewed an old one.

A GREAT STATE.—Texas is as large as Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Ohio, and Illinois, and 6,000 square miles over, containing 175,587,840 acres. At the ratio of population of Massachusetts it can support the present population of the United States. Its population is 1,593,574 by the last census, and it is receiving immigrants at the rate of more than 1,000 daily. It is the first cattle-raising State in the Union, having about 5,000,000 head. It is second in the number of horses, with about 1,000,000 head. It is third in sheep, with about 5,000,000 head. Total value of its live stock, excluding hogs, more than $71,000,000. For the year ending Aug. 31, 1881, the sales of its products were a value of $95,000,000: against $57,820,141 in 1878-9. Add to this the $30,000,000 expended by railways.

Its wheat weighs from 62 to 68 pounds per bushel. The average yield of oats is 37 bushels per acre; 60 and 80 bushels are not unfrequently obtained on the best soils. Vegetables of all kinds, fruits, melons and berries grow to great perfection. There is on exhibition in New York City a Texas raised pear weighing 32 ounces.

Mechanics' wages rate from $2 to $4.50 per day; farm hands, with board, $10 to $15 per month; railway laborers, from $1.25 to $1.75 per day, and they are in great demand. Spanish ponies bring $10 to $30; large American horses and mules, $75 to $150; beeves, $15 to $20; milk cows and calves, $12 to $20. Corn is worth 40 to 50 cents per bushels; oats, 30 to 40 cents; wheat, from 75 cents to $1.15, according to quality and convenience for shipment. Out-door work is done the year round.

More than 150,000 bales of cotton were lost in the fields last year for want of pickers.

Railroads are sending to New York and elsewhere for labor to build their roads. Within the last two years forty-one additional towns of commercial importance have been reached by rail or sprung into existence.

The climate, tempered by the trade-winds is delightful. Most of the State is from 500 to 2,000 feet above the sea. As a health resort Western Texas rivals California and Colorado.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—People of strong nervous temperament are great slaves to the whims and caprices of their imaginations; and hence people of good mental, but of very ordinary physical acquirements, are the most subject to this tyranny of mind over matter. Occasionally, a very ordinary sort of person—that is, an individual of considerable mind, but whose mental capacities are unsustained, and so partially undeveloped—suffers from this peculiar fact in a most distressing degree. No doubt (says the physical authority) one-half the ills that flesh is heir to are superinduced by the fancy of the sufferer alone. Hundreds have died by mere symptoms of cholera, yellow fever, and plague, induced by sheer dread and fear of those maladies. A case is recorded, wherein a felon condemned to death by phlebotomy had his arm laid bare to the shoulder, and thrust through a hole in a partition, while he was fast-bound to the opposite side; the hidden executioner, upon the other side, applied the lancet to his arm with a click; the poor culprit heard the muddy stream outpouring, and soon growing weaker and fainter, he fell into a swoon and died, when the fact was, not a drop of blood had been shed—the surgeon having snapped his lancet upon the arm, and continued to pour a small stream of water over the limb and into the basin. Another case in "pint" was that of a Philadelphia amateur butcher, who, in placing his meat upon a hook, slipped, and hung himself, instead of the meat, upon the barbed point. His agony was intense; he was quickly taken down and carried to a physician's office, and so great was his pain (in imagination) that he cried piteously upon every motion made by the doctor in cutting the coat and shirt sleeve from about the wounded arm. When, at last, the arm was bared, not a scratch was there! The hook point had merely grazed along the skin, and torn the shirt sleeve.

WAITING in a lonely depot is tedious indeed. The presence of a pretty girl, however, changes things with remarkable rapidity.

Scientific and Useful

DAMP WALLS.—Boil in a gallon of water three-quarters of a pound of mottled soap, and, while boiling apply it with a brush. After a day and night apply a solution of a quarter of a pound of alum in two gallons of water in the same way. It may take a day to dissolve the alum.

IRON CEMENT.—The following is an iron cement which is unaffected by red heat: Four parts by weight iron filings, two parts clay, one part fragments of a Hessian crucible; reduce to the size of rape-seed and mix together, working the whole into a stiff paste with a saturated solution of salt. A piece of firebrick can be used instead of the Hessian crucible.

ESCAPE OF GAS.—Apply soap-suds to a suspected leaky joint in the gas-pipe. The formation of bubbles will show any escape. This is safer than trying the joint with a lighted match. If the leak occur in the branch of a bracket or chandelier, it may be repaired by soldering with plumber's fine solder; if it be a very small one, heat the place first with a spirit-lamp, and fill the aperture with cement.

STEEL PAINT.—An English firm have begun the manufacture of a paint from steel scale, for the protection of iron and steel from corrosion. The scale is first ground until entirely free from grit, when it is mixed with oil and coloring matter. Two kinds of paint are made, one to be used as an anti-corrosive in the air, and the other for use under water to prevent animal and vegetable matter from attaching to the ships' bottoms or other submarine works.

EMERY.—A manufacturer whose business requires the use of large amounts of emery has been trying an experiment with the ashes of anthracite coal, and he affirms that he has obtained good results from the use of ashes as a substitute for the finer grades of emery. He takes ashes and saturates them with water, the liquid being poured off again, and so on until he obtains several grades, down to a substitute for emery flour. When dried the deposit cuts readily and leaves a satisfactory surface.

UNINFLAMMABLE FABRICS.—Many substances are known which will render even the thinnest wearing fabrics uninflammable. Chloride, sulphate, and phosphate of ammonium, alum, and many other salts have been proposed, but neutral tungstate of sodium mixed with three per cent. of phosphate of sodium is better than anything else. These salts afford perfect protection to the fabrics, and unlike most others, do not render them harsh. They are inexpensive, without action on colors, and the solution keeps well. The solution should contain twenty per cent. of the mixed salts.

Farm and Garden.

THE BEST WOOD.—It is not generally known that there is no wood that lasts so long for posts as acacia. There is little or no sap, and it lasts underground far longer than oak. If sown and transplanted and cut down from time to time like ash, it grows quickly from the root or stool, and makes a durable Scotch fencing.

A RICH COMPOST.—The author of "Scientific Agriculture" gives the following directions for making rich compost: A layer of stable manure six inches thick, with a good sprinkling of ground phosphate (or ground bone) over it; then a layer of muck three inches thick, or a mixture of ditch scrapings, poultry-house scrapings, leached ashes, old mortar, leaf mold, sods or other waste matter; a layer of ground bone three inches thick; then a layer of stable manure six inches thick, and so on until the heap is five feet high. Over all place a layer of dry earth or muck six inches thick.

STACKS OF OATS.—These, if carelessly put together, are often destroyed by exposure. Every farmer may know that the heads of bundles—of every bundle—should be kept higher than the butts or straw end. But indifferent hands often place the heads lower, or at least on a level with the butts, thus inviting mildew and decay. If oats are to be saved for seed, it is best to wait until they fully ripen before cutting. If the straw and leaves are to be used for food, it is best to cut while the oats are in the dough state and while the leaves and stems are still green. Oat straw so harvested is thought to be very much more nutritious than corn fodder, and nearly equal to timothy.

DEAD BRANCHES.—According to a first-class authority it has been clearly demonstrated that a dead branch on a tree makes almost as great a strain on the main plant for moisture as does a living one. It is one of the most important discoveries of modern botanical science to the practical horticulturist, as by this knowledge he can save many a valuable tree. When one has been transplanted some roots get injured, and the supply of moisture in the best cases is more or less deficient. Any dead branch, or any weak one, should therefore be at once cut away. So in pruning trees at transplanting, the large lifeful branches should not be cut back as is generally done, but the weak, half-dead ones that are usually left, should be the ones to cut away. The large, stout ones are reservoirs of the sap, which the plant needs; the half-dead ones draw on these reservoirs and contribute nothing of their own. It has been found that deciduous trees can be transplanted easily all through the summer season by simply cutting out all the weak or miserable wood and leaving a few main branches with their foliage.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
SIXTY-FIRST YEAR.

Important Notice!

☞ **As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to extend the time until further notice.**

THE NEW PREMIUMS.

Our DIAMANTE BRILLIANT Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely want every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests, we beg leave to call attention to the following

TERMS TO CLUBS:

1 copy one year with either of the Diamond Premiums	$2.00
2 copies one year, with either of the Diamond Premiums to each	3.00
3 copies one year with either of the Diamond Premiums to each	4.50

and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives THE POST one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. If anyone subscribing for THE POST and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Change of Address.

Subscribers desiring their address changed, will please give their former postoffice as well as their present address.

How to Remit.

Payment for THE POST when sent by mail should be in Money Orders, Bank Checks, or Drafts. When neither is obtainable, send the money in a registered letter, at our risk. Every postmaster in the country is required to register letters when requested. Failing to receive the paper within a reasonable time after ordering, you will advise us of the fact, and whether you sent cash, check, money order, or registered letter.

To Correspondents.

In every case send us your full name and address, if you wish an answer. If the information desired is not of general interest, so that we can answer in the paper, send postal card or stamp for reply by mail.

Address all letters to
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
720 Sansom St., Phila., Pa.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 1, 1881.

Table of Contents.

SERIALS—"TRIED BY FIRE," and "ARDEN COURT."
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
FACETIÆ.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
HUMOROUS.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
FEMININITIES.
FACETIÆ.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
EDITORIALS.
SANCTUM CHAT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

"TRIED BY FIRE."

In the present issue of THE POST we commence a new serial entitled "Tried by Fire." It is from the pen of the talented authoress of "Her Own Deception," and is of unusual beauty and interest. We cordially commend it to the perusal of our readers as certain to please.

TRUE WEALTH.

The demand to be rich is legitimate. Men are urged by their very natures to acquire command over the forces about them. Every man is born for improvement; no individual can stand still, either physically, morally, or in the matters of daily life and business. The true man craves advancement, not necessarily the mere possession of dollars, but in enlarged knowledge, increased capacity to grapple with the forces of nature, broadened views of life and its purpose, greater control over his own mind and faculties. The man of resources is the man of strength. The successful farmer is the one who is rich in experience, in hope, in energy, and in that quiet assurance which enables him to deal on even terms with men of every condition.

The world is a tool-chest, and that man is richest who can draw the greatest assistance, comfort, or happiness from his surroundings. The manly part is for each to do with might and main what he is best adapted to accomplish. Nature requires each man to feed himself. Each man is a consumer; hence he should feel it his bounden duty either to become a producer, or assist some one else in the legitimate work of production. No person can feel rich, strong or self-satisfied who has nothing to do. A pocketful of dollars would be no compensation for a man to lose his legs or his mind. Money, without the skill or training to use it properly, is the merest bauble. A contented mind is a continual feast.

Many a man has money who is not rich. He who hoards and hides is not possessed of true wealth. They should have the wealth who have the faculty of administration, who can benefit whole neighborhoods by a little timely aid, who have the power to lead others to success. The truest charity consists in helping our fellows to sustain themselves, not in making idle paupers of them. True content consists in comparing our situations with those who are worse off than ourselves, rather than instituting comparisons with those few who have superior advantages and possessions. After all, true wealth is commonly an acquirement possessed only by those whose self-control and self-poise are in harmony with nature about them.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE present year will undoubtedly show as large an increase in the extension of the railroad system of the country as was ever made. So far, 3,496 miles have been built, as against 2,800 miles for the same period last year.

—

THE city of Buffalo buys large quantities of coal early in the summer, when prices are low, keeps it until winter, and then sells it to the poor at cost price. This is practical philanthropy to both the poor people and the coal companies.

—

THE American cattle commission, in cooperation with the English inspectors, propose to adopt a check system, by which they may trace to its origin every animal arriving in England in a diseased condition. Exporters have suffered immense losses in diseased cattle, and great efforts will be made to correct the evil.

—

A PROMINENT London paper says: "It is still necessary here that a girl must be chaperoned to a private ball, where, unless the tone is singularly lax, she cannot go far wrong. But she may go out into the crowded London streets and by the railway alone, and wander where she will unattended, and she may give such an account of herself when she finally returns home, as best pleases her fancy, no one being able to verify or disprove."

—

OLD thought newly dressed: "Men are nothing but bigger boys, and if you put the whole lot of them—Senators, lawyers, editors, judges, merchants and learned professors down to their real motives for action, you will find how boyish most of them are. One man is working for a toy in the shape of a fine house, another for a fine horse, and still another for gew-gaws to give to some girl he fancies."

—

AN incident of recent occurrence at Elmira, N. Y., furnishes a fine opportunity for moralizing. There is a girl in that city who competed in an exhibition of female loveliness, and won first prize by her good looks. The triumph has proved more than she could bear. It has completely turned her head, and now she is a candidate for admission to an insane asylum. All is vanity, saith the preacher.

—

THE extent to which British capital has compelled all the world to contribute so it may be inferred from the fact that according to the London *Banker's Magazine*, the total investments of British capital in foreign and domestic securities of all kinds, public and corporate, amount to $17,325,000,000, which averages about 4½ per cent. per annum, in the way of interest.

—

DURING a period of sixty-eight years there have been eighteen years of "good times" and fifty years of "hard times." The goods times were the periods 1813 to 1816, 1834 to 1837, 1853 to 1857, and 1862 to 1869. In each there was a great increase in the quantity of money. The fifty years of "hard times" are remarkable for the enormous contraction of the money volume and the increase in its value. During the eighteen years of "good times" industry prospered, and money loaning was at a discount, but during the fifty years of "hard times" labor and production languished, and money loaning was at a premium.

—

THERE is a general call for a reduced rate on small money orders. If the Postmaster-General would direct that sums of five dollars or less might be sent for three, or even five cents, the increase of the business of the money-order department would be enormous. It would be a great convenience to parties making small purchases by mail, to newspaper subscribers, and to persons ordering books directly from the publishers.

—

AN old minister in Scotland had the habit, in teaching his people, or expounding the Scriptures book by book and chapter by chapter, and of course the good man sometimes came to passages hard to be understood. His way of getting over a difficulty was very convenient, to say the least of it. He would say, "No doubt, my Christian brethren, there is great difficulty here, as all the commentators are agreed upon that; so let us look the difficulty boldly in the face, and—pass on!"

—

EDUCATION does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look, a father's nod of approbation or his sign of reproof, with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, a brother's noble act of forbearance, with a handful of flowers in green and daisied meadows, with a bird's nest admired but not touched, with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed, in sweet and kindly tones and words, to Nature, to beauty, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good—God himself.

—

A LIE is a bad thing to run at large. It damages, ravages, devours. More poisonous than a serpent, it often ruins not only health but reputation and usefulness. Every lie should be stopped. But whose business is it to chase a lie? Who let it loose? The man who let it loose is bound to catch it again; but a man of truth is under no obligation to chase and catch other people's lies. Suppose some man, or a dozen men, send forth a falsehood about me, am I obliged to spend days and years in chasing it, and contradicting it? By no means. Let those that made it attend to their own work, or meet the responsibility of it in the reckoning day.

—

AN authority on hay fever advances the theory that the disease is caused by eating peaches. He is confirmed in this impression by the fact that in his own case, and in the cases of all with whom he has compared notes, the violence and duration of the fever have been known in exact proportion to the extent of indulgence in peaches. Moreover, the period of hay fever invariably occurs simultaneously with the peach season, and when peach-time is over hay fever departs. Besides, he has noticed that in seasons when peaches are scarce, and, therefore, little eaten, there is an almost utter absence of the fever. The scarcity of the peaches this year and the absence of the affection seem to confirm the theory. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, who has been a confirmed sufferer, is entirely free from the affection this year.

—

How much bitter disappointment is in store for aspirants for platform honors this season! The manager of a lyceum bureau in New York has a list of four hundred and fifty persons who are desirous of making a name in the lecture field. Of this number about one-third are women. He estimates that if he succeeds in filling one hundred engagements out of the total number of applicants, he will do an excellent season's business. When it is estimated that it costs from six to ten dollars to have one's name put on the "list," not including the commission after securing an engagement, it will be understood how very profitable it must be to keep a lyceum bureau in New; but, alas! how different for the great bulk of the would-be lecturers, who would be much happier if they would go to dressmaking or other employment.

—

THE fashionable flower, just at this moment, is the hollyhock. We are surprised to see this standard flower of old-fashioned gardens described in a fashion journal as though it were a new genus of plants; everybody has seen the hollyhock, and if anybody hasn't, that body's intelligence is not increased by being told that it is a "delicate lemon color." There are all colors nearly of hollyhocks, but the original color is a pale, yellow-tinted rose, shading from the centre into paler paleness. It is strange it has not been taken up before. The honey-bees and the bumble-bees have always lived, hummed and reveled in it, the straight stalk has always borne its blossoms thick upon it stemless and uneven, yet it had to wait for the æsthetic period before its æsthetic properties could be felt and seen. Nevertheless our grandmothers tended the regal stalk with pride, and never relegated it to a distant spot. Can it be that our grandmothers were æsthetics?

—

OVER 1800 years ago Pliny wrote: "All pears whatsoever are but heavy meat unless boiled or baked," and it is probable that the varieties cultivated at that early date could hardly have been anything but small in size, and bitter in taste. But when Pliny recorded this famous opinion, he wrote for his time, and the idea is as little worthy of consideration to-day as the philosopher's real knowledge of the fruit at the present day must have been limited. Pears are regarded at the present time as among the most wholesome and nutritious fruits. Baking or boiling may improve them for weak digestive organs, but eaten raw and freely at all times they are productive of a fine blood and healthy skin. The amount of real nutriment they contain is hardly equal to that of apples, but the fine and delicate juices are hardly excelled by any other fruit. Pears are coming to be regarded as one of the staple fruit crops, and a great deal of attention is being paid to their culture and marketing.

—

THE city of New York has a population far exceeding that of the State of Maine, and yet no native of that city has ever been President or Vice-President of the United States, Judge of the Supreme Court, U. S. Senator, or even held high official position in the city of his birth. Maine has furnished many more men of national reputation than has New York city. Indeed, as a general rule, great cities do not breed great men. One county in Maine, which has no city within its borders, and hardly enough inhabitants in all its towns to make a good sized city, has given birth to a Vice-President, and more Governors of States, U. S. Senators, and other public men, than any half dozen great cities of the Union combined. The descendants of the old families of New York have relapsed into inferior grades of life, and are mostly middle men or brokers, or occupying the humble walks of professional or commercial life. Is it not because cities offer too many of the so-called "advantages" of life to their children, while the hardships of the backwoods develop energies that would not otherwise be called into exercise?

—

IT must be borne in mind that there is an element of danger to both person and property in the immense force of electricity necessary to the production of light, if by any accident it should be brought in contact with the body, or with any inflammable material. Two accidents have occurred within a few days at widely remote points, which already demonstrate that such danger to property exists, and that great care is necessary in the construction of parallel or continuous lines of conductors of electricity for the different purposes for which it is used. These accidents, one in Pittsburg, and the other in Boston, were each caused by the wires leading from the power machine of the light company coming in contact with a telephone-wire, by which a sufficient amount of electricity was transferred to the latter to not only destroy the combustible parts of the telephone apparatus, but to char the woodwork with which it came in contact. Fortunately, in both cases, the circumstances were discovered, and the current was switched off in time to prevent a conflagration. Danger from occurrences of this nature can be prevented by the exercise of a reasonable amount of care in the construction of the lines, but it should be the object of all who have telephonic connection with their houses or places of business to see that accidents of all kinds are fully guarded against.

THE CITY BIRDS.

BY E. M. HARRIS.

We have sang for long in the low-walled garden,
We have flitted among the ivy-leaves;
And oh! we know that some hearts will pardon
The tiny sins of such tuneful thieves.
We have flown and hopped, to settle and flutter
Near some poor toiler's dull window-pane;
How happy we were when we heard her utter
A gentler speech, for our song in the rain!

We have seen some city sights; one neighbor
Tending a lonelier, poorer waif,
Sharing the fruits of hard toil and labor,
To lessen her grief, to keep her safe;
An old man led by a tender daughter,
To feel the kiss of the summer sun;
A little child lifting a jug of water,
To help the sick woman whose work was done.

The Midnight Lamp.

BY HENRY FRITH.

I AM a doctor, a busy professional man, whose time is money; whenever therefore I can save it, I do. Many and many a night have I passed in the train, counting the hours thus gained as a miser does his gold.

This night the train was just off as I sprang in, and the shock of the start landed me in my seat. Being of a slow placid nature, I was in no hurry to recover from the shock; and we were fairly off, before I looked round. I particularly noticed a lady who occupied the opposite seat; and at the first glance, in spite of the dim light and the fact of her veil being down, I saw that her eyes, unnaturally large and intense in their expression, were fixed upon me.

It was decidedly unpleasant, and I grew decidedly uncomfortable; try as I might, I could not keep my eyes closed; hers were on me, and meet them I must.

In her attitude, too, as well as in her look there was something strange and mysterious. Huddled up in the corner, she seemed to be holding something close pressed to her, beneath the long loose mourning cape, bending low over it in a crouching posture.

Was she cold? I offered her my plaid, glad of an opportunity to break the ominous silence.

"I am not cold."

A commonplace remark enough; but the spell was not broken. The mystery that lay in her eyes lay also in her voice.

What should I try next? I looked at my watch—11.30; our train speeding on at a furious rate, no chance of a stoppage for some time to come, and the full wide-open gaze of my motionless companion not for one moment removed from my face.

There was nothing for it, then, but to give up all hope of sleep, and make the best of my position and companion, whom I now observed more closely. That she was a lady there could be little doubt either; those great dark, intensely dark eyes, the thick coils of warm burnished hair, the small pale features, seen dimly beneath the veil; yes, she was young, pretty, a lady, and in trouble. So far I got, but no farther. How came she to be traveling alone at that time of night, and with that look on her face? What could it be that she was holding pressed so closely to her, and yet so carefully kept out of sight? From the size and uncertain outline, I should have guessed it to be a child; but, then, there was not the faintest motion, nor could she have held even a sleeping infant long in that position. I think that something of curiosity must have been betrayed in my look, for her own darkened and deepened into a perfect agony of doubt and fear.

Ashamed, I withdrew my gaze at once, and drawing out my note-book, was about to make a memorandum, when, with a sudden forward movement, she fell at my feet, arresting my hand by the agonised grasp of her own, its burning contact sending through me a painful thrill.

"Don't betray me! Don't give me up to him! O don't! I am so frightened!"

"I can not always hide it! I can not always bear it about with me; it breaks my heart, and—I am so tired."

And letting the hand which still held, pressed closely to her, the mysterious burden that had so raised my curiosity, drop heavily to her side, there lay at her feet and mine a little dead baby, a tiny creature evidently not many weeks old.

"Dead!" was my involuntary exclamation.

She stretched her clasped hands downwards towards it with a despairing gesture, speaking with low, wild, rapid utterance.

"It was not his look that killed it, but my baby, my first-born; for all the love I gave him, he hated it; and that his look might not kill it, I held it in my arms, so close, so close, till it was dead. O my baby, my baby!"

The outstretched hands had reached it now, and raised it from the floor to the seat, folding it around until the enclosing arms and the down-bent face hid it once more out of sight.

Was ever luckless traveler more awkwardly placed?—the dead child; the prostrate woman; the scene, a public railway; the hour midnight.

I am of a blunt nature. I must go straight to the point as soon as ever I see it. I did so now.

"How come you to be travelling alone, And with a dead child? Are you going home?"

The question seemed to rouse her once more to a perfect frenzy of fear. She turned to me as before clinging to my hand with small hot fingers, and the old heart-broken cry.

"Don't betray me; don't give me up to him! His look would have killed my baby; it would kill me if I had to meet it. She is safe, for I killed her, and she is dead; and he hates me, and I have no home—no home?"

I was in a perfect maze of doubt. Could the pretty soft young creature at my feet be indeed a murderess, and could it be her husband of whom she seemed in such abject terror? My blood boiled; I felt ready to defend her against a dozen husbands; but how?

It was midnight now; we could not be far from the city; the conducter might be popping his head in at any moment. I jumped to a sudden conclusion.

"Were you going to any friend."

"I know nobody; know no friends."

"The poor little thing is either mad or her husband is a brute," was my mental exclamation.

"Then you must come home with me to my wife; she will see after you."

An upward glance of wild agonized supplication:

"She won't betray me, or—take baby from me?" And once more the wee dead thing was lifted up into the arms that seemed almost too frail to hold it, and hidden away beneath the long mourning-cape.

I took her home. Mary received her with a broad look of amaze that made me smile, but that found no expression in words. When, taking her aside, I told her all I knew, she wrung her hands in sheer sympathising pity.

"I must get her to bed," said Mary, with a quick determined nod: and she really did contrive to do so by soft, tender, cooing words, and solemn assurances of safety for herself and baby, whom she kissed and cried over.

She was soon half asleep; the heavy lids had dropped together, the small pale face had drooped downwards upon the little downy head that lay against her bosom.

"Her husband must be sent for," I said resolutely, when we found ourselves once more alone; and I glanced at an envelope I had taken from the stranger's pocket:

MRS. TREMAYNE,
Grantley Lodge,
Grantley.

Mary stared at me aghast,

"I shall telegraph at once."

"Then her death will be at your door, sir—mind that!" and too indignant to waste upon me more words, away went Mary to take a last peep at our own sleeping babes, at the dead baby about which there was so much mystery, and the poor young mother whom she had doomed to a violent death.

She was still bending over her, and called me up to the bedside to notice the extraordinary length of the lashes, and the beauty of the face in repose, when we were startled by a knock at the front.

"It's the husband! I know it is. O John, don't betray her, don't give her up; you wouldn't be so cruel."

"Nonsense, child; watch by her till I return. If she awakes say nothing about ——"

"Her husband. *As if I should!*"

Our household having long since retired, long indeed before my return, I myself opened the door.

The street lamp lighted dimly two figures; one tall, stout, and muffled.

"Mr. Merton?"

"You have kindly given shelter to a lady?"

"Just so."

The speaker nodded to his companion, who touched his hat and vanished.

"Mr. Tremayne?" I asked hesitatingly.

"Capt. Tremayne. How is she?"

"Asleep, under my wife's care; sleeping as peacefully as a child."

"Thank God! So young—at such an hour—in such a state——"

I saw a shudder run through the tall powerful frame.

"And the child?" he added, after a pause, in a horror-stricken whisper. "She had it with her!"

I hardly knew what to answer; but he had thrown off his heavy ulster and traveling cap, and now stood before me as handsome and pleasant and honest-looking a young fellow as I ever saw, and my heart warmed to him.

"The child is dead," I said softly.

"It died two days ago, died suddenly in convulsions in her arms, and the shock turned her brain. I could do nothing; she would not have me near her, but beat me off with her hands, as she couldn't bear the sight of me. And I was so fond of her and she of me!" Here the man broke down. He walked to the window, then turned and asked abruptly, "May I go to her?"

I thought of Mary and hesitated.

"Will you wait here a minute? I will see whether she still sleeps."

She still slept the heavy peaceful sleep of a tired child, Mary keeping a stern watch and guard over her. I beckoned her out of the room.

"Well!" with fretful impatient eagerness. "You have seen him? What is he like? Is he horrid?"

"Judge for yourself. He is in the dining-room. He says he must see her—he must come in."

"That he shan't, the cruel wretch; or it shall be over my prostrate body!" tragically.

"Well, go and tell him so."

"I will!" And away, nothing daunted, went Mary.

I smiled. "She will no more resist the pleading of those blue handsome eyes than did her husband. He will win her over with a look." I was right; she soon returned, and not alone.

"He will be very quiet, and she need not see him. I thought it would be better;" all this apologetically.

He crossed the room as noiselessly as a woman, stooped over the bed in silence, then sat down beside it. Mary shaded the lamp, so that the room was in twilight, and so we all three sat down to wait.

For more than an hour we waited, then Mary stole out. Captain Tremayne looked up as the door opened and closed; then, with a quick sigh, laid the brown curly head down upon the pillow as close as possible to that of the poor young wife without touching it, and his hand moved up towards hers where it lay on the coverlet, but without touching that either, for fear of awaking or disturbing her.

It was not until the first gray streaks of daylight were struggling in through the window, beside which I sat, that there was a slight stir; she was awaking at last.

"Hugh!" she breathed—dreamily at first, then urgently—"Hugh!"

"Yes, dear."

She turned her face towards his where it lay beside her. She was only partially awake as yet, her eyes were still closed; but the hand on the coverlet crept up softly towards him, fluttered over his face, rested one moment caressingly on the brown curls, then, with a long contented sigh, her arm stole round his neck.

"Husband, kiss me!"

"His presence has saved her," was my mental comment, "there is nothing now to fear;" and, unnoticed, I left the room.

Chilled and cramped with the long sitting after the night's journey, I was not sorry to find the sitting-room bright with lamp and firelight, the kettle singing on the hob, breakfast as comfortably laid out for two as if the hour had been nine instead of six, and Mrs. Merton as neat and fresh and trim as if that midnight tragedy had been all a dream.

"Well?" questioned Mrs. Merton, when my creature comforts had all been duly attended to, and not before. I told her how matters stood; she was delighted.

"He must have traveled down in the same train as she did."

"O no, he told me all about it. He had been summoned up to town on business, and left home yesterday morning. In the evening the nurse left her, as she thought, asleep, to fetch something from the kitchen. Well, Mrs. Tremayne got away while the nurse was down-stairs, and, being traced to the station, where she had taken a ticket, Captain Tremayne was telegraphed to, and was stopped as he got into the train on his way home. Some one must have seen her leave the station."

"As he came to look for her here, somebody must have brought him, two came to the door."

"It will be all right now that he has found her, and is so fond of her; she will get quite well, and he will only have to little comfort her for the loss of her poor baby."

I wipe my pen and rise. My story is done.

Mrs. Merton looks up from the glove she is mending. "*The story done!* Why, all you have written is only the beginning of the end! You could not surely have the heart to break off in that unsatisfactory manner. Not a word about Captain Tremayne's gratitude, or the hamper they sent us at Christmas, or the birth of their little son last year, and the pretty way in which she coaxed you to be god-father, or how she insisted upon our bringing baby and Johnny and Freddy, and how baby—"

But I have grasped my hat and gloves. Mary is one of the best of wives, if just a little trying at times, and her baby the most wonderful of all created babies—but I have an appointment at twelve!

"HOW EASY IT IS TO DIE.—"If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die," were the last words of the celebrated surgeon, Hunter, and Louis XIV. is recorded as saying, with his last breath, "I thought dying had been more difficult." That the painlessness of death is owing to some benumbing influence acting on the sensory nerves may be inferred from the fact that untoward external surroundings rarely trouble the dying. On the day that Lord Collingswood breathed his last the Mediterranean was tumultuous; the element which had been the scene of his past glories rose and fell in swelling undulations and seemed as if rocking him to sleep. Captain Thomas ventured to ask if he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. "No, Thomas" he answered, "I am now in a state that nothing can disturb me more—I am dying, and I am sure it must be consolatory to you and all that love me to see how comfortably I am coming to my end." There is related an instance of a criminal who escaped death from hanging by the breaking of the rope. Henry IV. of France sent his physician to examine him, who reported that after a moment's suffering the man saw an appearance like fire, across which appeared a most beautiful avenue of trees. When a pardon was mentioned the prisoner coolly replied that it was not worth asking for. Those who have been near death from drowning, and afterward restored to consciousness, assert that the dying suffer but little pain. Captain Marryatt states that his sensations at one time when nearly drowned were rather pleasant than otherwise. "The first struggle for life once over, the water closing around me assumed the appearance of waving green fields. * * * * It is not a feeling of pain, but seems like sinking down overpowered by sleep, in the long, soft grass of the cool meadows."

Now, this is precisely the condition presented in death from disease. Insensibility comes on, the mind loses consciousness of external objects, and death rapidly and placidly ensues from asphyxia.

ABOUT THE TELEGRAPH.

PRACTICAL TELEGRAPHY is a child of the nineteenth century. True, it owed its final success to the accumulation of facts pertaining to electricity that spread themselves over a period of more than 2,000 years, but Thales of Miletus, who lived and experimented 600 years before Christ, did not probably foresee the end. In 1844 a line, and the first American line, was constructed and worked between Baltimore and Washington.

There are now half a million miles of wire used daily in the United States.

Great Britain uses 114,000 miles of lines, and its telegraphic features differ considerably from ours. In the first place the government controls the whole system, and has incorporated the telegraph with the postal service.

Again, their machinery works on a different plan. The usual racket and clatter that betoken the vicinity of an office on the Morse plan is absent. Instead, a number of contrivances, looking at a distance much like clock dials represent the signalling apparatus.

The jerky movement of a lever centrally balanced thereon denotes the succeeding letters, which are read, of course, by the sense of sight.

Germany has 150,000 miles, and has more than 8,000 miles of cable underground. The wires, usually seven in numbers, are well insulated from each other, and well protected from outside by being laid in a small tube of non-porous material. To effect such an arrangement the footways are opened up, not the driving thoroughfares.

In crossing large rivers ordinary cables are resorted to, but to overcome the obstruction offered by small brooks tunnelling under is the rule, accomplished at immense labor and expense.

British India has upwards of 50,000 miles of lines; France, 115,000, Belgium, 16,000, Spain, 25,000, Denmark, 65,000, Norway, 10,000, and a fair portion of this is devoted to the scientific management of her coast fisheries of cod and herring.

On the west coast of Norway it is calculated that there is a population of 45,000 who make fishing their exclusive occupation. Now, when a shoal is seen in any part of her 1,200 miles of coast facing the Atlantic, a system of lights for signaling, aided by the telegraph, announce the tidings, and men proceed thither from near or far to reap the harvest.

The emperor of China has been sternly opposed to Western improvements, and only lately has relaxed in some of his rigorous oldtime ideas. He has suffered to be built some 1,270 miles of telegraph during the past year. His sister nation, the Japanese, have, on the contrary, encouraged all such innovation, and have held a willing helping hand to their advancement.

Persia has 6,000 miles of lines, and Egypt 9,000.

South America and the cold and uninhabited regions of North America stand, electrically considered, the poorest of any country in the world.

What is called a duplex is an arrangement whereby two messages can be sent simultaneously over the same wire and in opposite directions.

A duplex obviously requires four men to work it, for if two men are sending, one at Boston, the other to New York, each of them requires a receiver to take his business. The capacity of a duplex is exactly double that of a single wire, and it can be worked quite as fast.

A still more complicated and ingenious instrument is the quadruplex, which requires eight operators for its service, and exactly quadruples the capacity of a single wire, the "single" wire on both cases being understood to be a line on the simple Morse arrangement.

There is a limit at which land lines can be worked effectively, and this limit is placed at 500 miles. A line is not generally more than 400 miles, and with our weather changes over such an extent of country, this distance is found quite long enough, and often difficult to work.

For instance a wire to Chicago, 900 miles from New York, will be split at Buffalo, 450 miles off, and the business will either be handled by a force of operators—to receive from one half and hand it to the senders on the other half—or else it will be run forward by mechanical means in the shape of repeaters.

A repeator in an instrument which repeats the business of one long circuit into another.

The fastest speed that has been known to have been attained on the Morse "key" is fifty words per minute, but forty-five is a very rapid rate, and an operator earns the name of first-class when he can send and receive thirty five per minute and keep it up for two or three hours.

The current of the wire does not travel at anything like speed of lightning, viz., 288,000 miles per second. The resistance offered it by the wire reduces its rate to a small fraction of the above figure, and the smaller the wire the greater the resistance.

LADIES of fashion starve their happiness to feed their vanity, and their love to feed their pride.

Mothers Don't Know

How many children are punished for being uncouth, willful, and indifferent to instructions, or rewards, simply because they are out of health! An intelligent lady said of a child of this kind: "Mothers should know that if they would give the little ones moderate doses of Hop Bitters for two or three weeks the children would be all a parent could desire."

Our Young Folks.

WANTED—A DONKEY.

BY BERTIE BAYLE.

MAGGIE was in trouble—that was clear. There she sat on the nursery window-seat, only seven years old, and in trouble already. Two big tears striking down by that very small nose. What was it all about?

This is what it was all about. Two months before that had been her birthday, and a picnic, and donkey riding.

It was Maggie's first ride, and ever since she had been thinking of donkeys, morning noon and night. Her great idea was that if she could but possess a donkey of her own it would be the most delightful thing in the world to be able to ride every day.

So she set to work, living in hopes, and putting by all her halfpence and pence with the grand object of buying a donkey; for she remembered hearing papa say that money could buy anything; therefore there were live donkeys to be bought somewhere though one never saw them in a shop window.

Maggie had collected in her money box the vast sum of one and two-pence three-farthings, when she heard the dreadful news that her brother Tom had asked the man at the stand, and the man had declared he would rather shoot the donkey dead than sell him for less than fourteen shillings down!

That sum was far too much for Maggie to hope for. But there was worse still.

Tom had told their papa, and he had said he could not thing of having a donkey; did Maggie want a stable built? or would she stable Neddy in the coal-cellar, or have him jog up stairs every night and be packed tightly into the toy-cupboard, standing up straight with his fore-paws on the shelf? Tom repeated all this to her, and dwelt with great glee upon the donkey being a tight fit in the toy-cupboard on the top landing, but Maggie would not laugh with him.

All her hopes were over; all the donkey-dreams of the future were gone; what was the good of one and two-pence, three farthings now?

Tom ran away down stairs, whistling. Maggie leant her head against the window and cried.

All the day the trouble in the nursery lasted. At last Maggie's tender-hearted mother found out what was the matter, and tried to comfort her.

"Next week, my dear," she said, "I am going out shopping; and if I add another shilling to yours, we can bring home a beautiful grey Neddy from the toy shop. Won't that be nice?"

"But I want it to-morrow," answered fretful Maggie, with not a little self-will in the tone, and her brother Tom now came in and added his entreaties.

And in vain their mother argued that the next week would come quickly. Nothing but to-morrow would do for Maggie; and so she had her way.

"Well, my dear children," said their mamma at last, "you may choose for yourselves. But as I like children to be patient, remember Maggie will have a two-shilling toy next week; but if she goes this week she must do the best she can with her one shilling. And of course Janet will go with you, if you will go to-morrow."

At the last word Tom's eyebrows were beginning to look what Maggie called "lumpy" with a frown.

Afterwards, he told her he most decidedly would not go, if Janet went.

He would not be led about with a nurse's apron-strings—not he!

Maggie might choose either to have him or to have Janet; and Janet could not choose a donkey properly; he would choose one that would not break—Janet's donkey would be dead before night, and done for.

Maggie was soon persuaded; and by asking and pleading hard, they got leave to go by themselves; but they were strictly told not to delay for any purpose either going or coming, and to keep to the straight road and streets, on no account taking short cuts through fields or by-paths.

Next day Maggie had three great pleasures:

First, the weather was bright for the walk with Tom.

Secondly, she was to wear the new dress that had been finished the day before, and a very pretty dress it was, all cream-color with a broad crimson sash.

Last and greatest, she learned that dear good papa, the very day he had made fun about the donkey and the toy cupboard, had written off to Uncle John, who had a great house in the country; and it was very likely that Uncle John would invite her and Tom to pay him a visit.

Off Maggie went now, all brilliant in her new dress, hand-in-hand with Tom.

They kept most obediently to the high road and streets, and after about an hour's choosing, they bought a donkey, not without wistful glances at the two-shilling large one, that might have been bought the next week.

Still this was a capital Neddy, when one kept one's eyes off the other.

Tom and Maggie took a good look at their purchase before it was rolled up in paper.

Tom even made Maggie laugh out loud by making Neddy look "ashamed of himself"—an expression which a toy-donkey shows at once, when his head is unhooked from the wire and pushed in as far as it will go, so as to leave him with a hanging head and no neck whatever.

This donkey had a beautiful neck with a woolly mane, when it hung properly; his bridle was decked with plated trappings, little basket work panniers were slung across his saddle, and his stand had the delicious smell of new toys.

It was only when Maggie proudly brought her parcel out of the shop that Tom revealed the real cause of his anxiety to come alone with her to day.

He went and bought gunpowder, and other chemicals in their blue parcels, for making fireworks—an art forbidden at home.

"I'm not afraid, you know," he explained, "but I must take care of you, Maggie, and girls always get in the way. Oh! I say, there's the donkey yonder with his head over the gate."

Away they went to Farmer Stubbins' donkey, Maggie running as fast as she could; it was a rare opportunity of making acquaintance with a real live Neddy.

Tom told Maggie to hold the gunpowder parcel. Then he made a rough bridle out of the donkey's halter, mounted his bare back by climbing up the gate, and certainly kept his seat—for the simple reason that the donkey stood quite still.

At last, when coaxing and thumping were in vain, Tom climbed down again, voting it a silly animal; and Maggie, holding her own parcel, was put up instead. Now this donkey of Farmer Stubbins was apt to take odd whims into that patient-looking head of his.

No sooner was the little girl on his back than he turned away from the gate, and to her great delight went off with her at a most leisurely walk.

"Oh! it's beautiful! Chuk, chuk, chuk! gee up! what a dear Neddy!" shouted Maggie with pride and glee. "Why, it is quite easy to ride without a saddle. Anybody could do it, and——" The words ended in a scream.

Over went the deceptive Neddy, legs in air, rolling on the grass.

And Maggie was down on the grass too, all pain, and fright, struggling out of the way, and content to scramble anyhow through the mud and wet of yesterday's rain.

"The brute!" roared Tom, running to her. "Oh! Maggie, Maggie, are you much hurt!"

"Not much—Tom dear—oh! take me home!" she sobbed, sitting on the grass; and then she could only cry out loud, with choking sobs.

Tom was in great trouble for her, but he was in a greater rage with the donkey.

The big shaggy beast had got up again, and after a good shake all over seemed harmlessly to forget the fit of mischief and frolic.

"I'll give it to him! I'll make him go! I'll break him in!" cried Tom, snatching a knotty branch from under the hedge.

And somehow he sprang upon the donkey's back in a trice, and so vengefully "gave it" to Neddy with the stick, that in half a minute he found himself clinging to the donkey's neck, and going now at a trot, and now at a canter down the field.

He was riding a barebacked steed now at last, but the difficulty was, not to keep on, but to get off.

He clung to the mane tenaciously; no prospect of stopping, no prospect of escaping.

At the end of the field there was a shallow, slimy pool, looking very uninviting, and now straight into the middle of this walked the donkey to cool his obstinate legs.

There he came to a stand-still, and putting his long ears back viciously, lifted his head on high, opened his mouth, and sang, and snorted, and hee-hawed, till the very air rang with the braying.

Tom let go the mane, and sat straight up with a sense of relief.

"He must walk out of this some time," he reflected, "and the moment I'm over dry ground, off I'll go with a jump. The vexatious brute—wouldn't I like to lick him!"

All at once the braying ceased, and the frolicsome mood caught the donkey again.

Up he went rearing straight, and away out of the pool, plunging and whisking his tail; and splash-splash went Tom at full length into the stagnant water!

* * * * * *

Half an hour later—were these the same children that had gone out, now returning home in such a sad plight?

A very wet boy, all muddy and slimy, sometimes trying to carry, and sometimes helping along on his arm a lame little girl, with a red, tearful face, and a draggled cream-and-crimson dress all over soils and stains.

In the pocket of the boy was a parcel of wet gunpowder—of no use, and all the money gone.

In the arms of the little sister was a parcel containing her donkey, all in smashed pieces—of no use again, and all the money gone.

And before them at home there was the letter from Uncle John, saying they were to come down at once into Sussex, and they might ride the pony as they liked; for he meant to keep it there as Maggie's own—a birthday present not yet too late.

Now they could not go, for poor Maggie's foot was sprained, and she would be laid up for a fortnight; and as for that disgraceful fellow, Tom, he should not go, papa said, until Maggie was well. And serve him right too!

But after all, they knew that though papa was angry he would forgive and get Maggie well, and hurry them both off to Uncle John's and the pony; and though mamma was grieved, all would brighten up with pity and kisses, as indeed all had brightened already for Maggie, who was being soothed in loving arms, while she whispered:

"Oh, mamma, I wish we had left the donkey till next week!"

And Tom was wishing exactly the same thing—but with regard to Farmer Stubbins' donkey.

THE OWL AND TOAD.—In a cavern among the rocks lived an ancient owl; he was so old that no one knew his age; the swallows said that their grand-parents remembered him in their youth, but then the swallows did not remember how long ago that might be, as they took no note of time.

Now, because no one had any means of finding out the owl's age, every one wanted to know it; but the owl was such a dignified bird that none ventured to ask him. If they had done so he would have blinked at them, and ruffled out his feathers, and have told them that if they spent their time in contemplating as he did, instead of going about and singing at morning and evening concerts, they would, perhaps, know as much as he did, and have no occasion to ask questions.

Besides, the small birds were rather afraid to go near him, for if he were very hungry it might be dangerous. So they all decided that the eagle or the vulture was the only bird who could ask the owl a question, and as there were no eagles and vultures in that neighborhood, they feared they should have to let the owl's age remain a matter of doubt.

At this juncture a toad, who had, unobserved, been listening, stepped forward, and puffed himself out to look as large as possible.

"Behold me," he said, "a creature wise as the owl himself, and worthy of all consideration, for I have passed much of my life in meditation. I am willing to be your ambassador, and to inquire from this much overrated bird how long he has been a dweller upon the earth."

The birds, hearing a queer, croaking voice, looked down, and espied the toad.

"But he won't take any notice," said they; "it's not likely he will even look at you."

"Leave that to me; with me all is possible."

The birds did not altogether understand this speech, but it sounded well, and so the toad departed.

He now puffed and puffed to twice his usual size; he felt very important; and at last he reached the rock where the owl was sitting, and mounted a toadstool. He then spoke as follows:—

"I, a toad of ancient and honorable lineage, being ambassador of the feathered creation, do, in their name, request that you will inform them how many years you have lived upon the earth."

The owl looked round majestically.

"Is any one speaking?" said he.

The toad swelled larger and larger with pride and vexation.

"I, the toad of toads, do speak. The birds request that you will say how old you are."

"Oh!" said the owl, "what a faint voice you have; and where are you, for I can't see you."

"Here," said the toad, with not a little chagrin.

"Ah," said the owl, "I think I see you; how very small you are. Well, you can go and tell the birds that perhaps when they send a fitting messenger I may answer their question."

Much mortified, the toad slunk away, and took care not to go near the birds to whom he had made such boastful speeches. A frog, however, who had watched the interview, croaked out, as the toad went past, "Self-praise goes a little ways."

D. K.

LONG NAILS.—The Chinese have many peculiar fashions and fancies which are remarkable; and one of the most curious is the industry with which they cultivate their finger-nails. They esteem it a good proof of a man's being a gentleman, or at least one who is not obliged to have recourse to manual labor to procure his subsistence, if he have long nails. They sometimes allow them to acquire the extraordinary length of eight or nine inches. In order to preserve them from external injury, each of the claws is enclosed in a joint of hollow bamboo, so that the hand which is graced with these strange ornaments is renewed nearly useless. The Chinese ladies are particularly attentive to the preservation of their nails, which are sometimes an inch or an inch and a half long on all the fingers. Their texture resembles a dry squill very much, and as they increase in length, they curl up at the edges.

TRIFLET MAXIMS.—Three things to do—think, live, and act. Three things to govern—your temper, tongue, and conduct. Three things to cherish—virtue, goodness, and wisdom. Three things to love—courage, gentleness, and affection. Three things to contract for—honor, country, and friend. Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude. Three things to teach—truth, industry, and contentment. Three things to admire—intellect, dignity, and gracefulness. Three things to like—cordiality, goodness, and cheerfulness. Three things to delight in—beauty, frankness, and freedom. Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting. Three things to wish for—health, friends, and a contented spirit. Three things to cultivate—good looks, good friends, and good humor.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound, the great medicine for the cure of all female complaints, is the greatest strengthener of the back, stomach, nerves, kidneys, urinary and genital organs of man and woman ever known. Send for circulars to Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

SOME NURSERY RHYMES.

"CINDERELLA; or, the Glass Slipper," is a very old story. Thousands of years ago it was told to boys and girls. The original read that an eagle stole the slipper of a very pretty Egyptian lady and bore it off. The eagle dropped it, and some one carried it to the king, who made it known all over his kingdom that he would marry the lady whose tiny foot it should fit. And so Cinderella, the cinder-girl, became a queen. In France, Germany, and this country the story has taken several shapes, and has always been a favorite.

"Little Jack Horner" has the following history: In England, in the reign of Henry VIII., there lived a Mr. Horner. Henry, the king, wished to tear down all the fine monasteries and abbeys of England, sell their lands and pocket the money. This Horner was butler, or something, to an old abbot, who thought he would gain favor with Henry by giving him twelve of his very best monasteries. So the abbot sent deeds of them to the king by this John Horner. But Horner thought, as he "sat in the corner" of the carriage on his way to king, that he would see what all those great papers which he was carrying should mean. "He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum"—*i. e.*, he opened and read the deeds, put the one for the largest piece of land in his own pocket, gave the rest to the king at London, and came home and told his master that Henry VIII., for his fidelity, had made him a present of one of the large tracts of land.

"Blue Beard," too, is very old. He is supposed to be Giles Dulaval, Lord of Rais, and was Marshal of France in 1429.

"Jack, the Giant-killer," came from India. He breaks forth in all sorts of doings all over the story-books of the young. And so of "Jack and the Bean-stalk."

"Babes in the Wood" is a very touching story. I think the origin of this may be considered a very, very old ballad, which tells of Richard III., murdering his own dear little nephews.

"Mother Goose" was a real person. She lived in Boston. Her daughter Elizabeth married the printer, Tom Fleet, who gathered up the nursery melodies of his mother-in-law and published them.

I must now tell you of the meaning of the old nursery rhyme: "Four and twenty blackbirds made into a pie:" these are the four-and-twenty hours of the day; the 'pie' is the space between the earth and the sky, the flat looking ground being the bottom crust, the birds in between, and the sky being the concave top crust.

"When the pie was opened," *i. e.*, when day began to break.

"The birds began to sing," *i. e.*, the hours too begin merrily: "The king in the parlor counting out money;" the "king" is the sun, the monarch of the day. There he is, enthroned in the sky. He is said to be counting out money, because the sun-shine is gold-color. See how he "counts it out," flings it about him, the beautiful golden sunshine. "The queen up-stairs eating bread and honey." Of course, if the king is the sun, the queen is the moon. "The maid in the garden, hanging out clothes." This "maid" is Aurora, the goddess, not of the day, but of the dawn. Now, "up jumped a little bird and nipped off her nose. The little bird who did this very ungallant thing is, of course the first hour of the day, for Aurora, or dawn, disappears as soon as the king, or sun, arises.

PREPARING PEA-NUTS.—Pea-nuts to be prepared for the market are placed in a large cylinder, from which they enter the brushes, where every nut receives fifteen feet of a brushing before it becomes free. Then they are dropped on an endless belt, passing along at the rate of four miles an hour. On each side of the belt stand girls, and as the nuts fall on the belt, the girls, with a quick motion of the hand, pick out all the poor looking nuts, allowing only the best to pass the crucible. Those that do not pass drop into bags on the floor below. When the bag is filled it is sewed up and branded as "cocks," with the figure of a rooster prominent on its sides. The pass caught by the girls are thrown to one side, again picked over and the best singled out, bagged, and branded as "ships." These are as fine a nut as the first for eating, but in shape and color do not compare with the "cocks." The third grade is branded as "eagles." These are picked out of the cullings of "cocks" and "ships."

The cullings that are left from the "eagles" are bagged, sent to the top story, and what little meat is in them is shaken out by a patent sheller. The nuts being shelled by this new process, the meat drops into bags below, free from dust or dirt of any kind, and is then shipped in 200-pound sacks to the North, where it is bought by the confectioners for the purpose of making taffy or pea-nut candy. It may here be stated that a peculiar kind of oil is extracted from the meat of the nut, and in this specialty a large trade is done among the wholesale druggists. There is nothing wasted, for even shells are made useful. They are packed in sacks and sold to stable-keepers for horse-bedding, and a very healthy bed they make.

THE first thing that some women will want to do when they get to heaven will be to hunt up a broom and dustpan and clean house.

Is your scalp full of dry husky scales and little pimples? Dr. Benson's Skin Cure will cleanse your scalp and remove all scales and tenderness within 4 days, try it, for it is the best head dressing ever used. Sold by all druggists at $1. per package.

Grains of Gold.

The nest of a blind bird is made by God.

Be attentive to your intercourse with a friend.

Every fish that escapes appears greater than it really is.

If the wave threatens to engulf you, don't add by your tears to the amount of water.

Let us be content, in work, to do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it's little.

Time is the bell-ringer of the universe. He strikes the hours even now: presently he will peal the chimes.

If you are asked to do a right thing, answer by doing it. 'Tis a short answer, but it does not require reflection.

I know of two beautiful things: The starry heavens above my head, and the sense of duty within my heart.

As riches and favor forsake a man, we discover him to be a fool, but nobody could find it out in his prosperity.

If the storm of adversity whistles around you, whistle as bravely yourself; perhaps the two whistles may make melody.

No man is born wise; but wisdom and virtue require a tutor, though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master.

We might enjoy much peace, if we would not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men, which appertain not to our charge.

The man who acts on his right to do what he will with his own, has not the right to the social consideration which he might otherwise claim.

The Christian must expect opposition from the world, because he is going just the contrary road from the multitude, and has to pass through them.

Many a man thinks it is principle that keeps him from turning rascal, when it is only a full stomach. Be grateful, and do not mistake potatoes for principle.

Every virtue has been reckoned more or less profitable, and has been intensely discovered from all relations of interest, and has been practised because right in itself.

Anxiety is the poison of life, the sure destroyer of health, the parent of many sins and of more miseries. Why then allow it, when we know that all the future is guided by a Father's hand?

Composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That was a man spiritually strong.

Every one whom we distinguish as natural has independence of mind. The judgment may not be correct, or founded on the wisest grounds, but it is what it professes to be—the man's own opinion.

There is nothing more intolerable than to have one's time in waiting, nothing more useless, nothing more insupportable, nothing which more easily might be prevented! Life is too short to waste half of it in waiting.

All earthly distinctions vanish before those of the soul. The barriers of caste, the insignia of rank, dwindle to nothing in the spiritual estimate of man. No inequality can destroy the relationship, the essential likeness between us.

All human souls have their heights, but then they have also their recurrences, their pits. A frequent, if not a constant abode upon the heights is the regulated condition of man's proximity to heaven.

A man's enjoyment must be based upon and proportioned to his education and attainment. Why should we waste our holidays as well as our working months in truckling to the tastes and fashions of a world that cares nothing for us?

The relations of Christians to each other are like the several flowers in a garden, that have upon each the dew of heaven, which being shaken by the wind, let fall the dew at each other's roots, whereby they are jointly nourished, and become the nourishers of one another.

Better a thousand times to grow old over the spinning-wheel and the ashes of the cooking-stove than to become gray with artificial flowers in the hair, on the benches of the ball-room, or the seat of the supper-room, smiling over the world, which smiles over us no longer.

That which you are doing, be it good or evil, grave or gay, that which you are doing to-day and to-morrow, each thought, each feeling, each action, each event—each passing hour, every breathing moment, is contributing to form the character by which you are to be judged.

It is not necessary or right that all men should enjoy art, nature or music to make them useful or honorable. When we go a pleasuring, at least let us be honest, and not pretend to a liking for white bait when we hunger for a good meal of wholesome black bread and salt herring.

There is no just action, no kind word, no obliging demeanor, no charity, no hospitality, that springs from selfishness which shall not have its penalties [illegible] there is no kindness, no forbearance, no gentleness, no charity that springs from disinterested love, which shall not have its compensation, for it makes a better, nobler, and purer.

"So Weak I Could Scarcely Stand."

A very [illegible] shows in the following case of [illegible] Carthage, Miss. I had been taking Compound Oxygen six weeks, and [illegible] improving. When I began the treatment I was so weak that I could scarcely stand alone, and they pained me a great deal. My cough was bad and at times I could hardly breathe, and I suffered a great deal with pains in my [illegible]. I have now gained some five or six pounds in weight, and can walk two miles easily, the pain in my limbs is entirely gone, my cough [illegible] better. It [illegible] as it did six weeks ago." Treatise on Compound Oxygen sent free. Address DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

Men are geese, women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

A poetess, in a poem, says: "Mamma will not leave her home." The man who marries her daughter is to be congratulated.

One of the Newport cottages has been fitted up in Oriental style at a cost of $75,000, $6,000 being paid for one parlor rug alone.

An Illinois justice has decided that courting is a necessity. Keepers of ice-cream saloons will enthusiastically endorse this decision.

A New Yorker is named Stealing, and he hates the name; but he took the curse off it for his daughter by making her Christian name "Worth."

There was a young lady who tried in vain to be somebody's bride; but she hit on a plan to become her own man, so she parted her hair on the side.

A broken-hearted widow, who recently lost her husband, dyed her lap-dog black while waiting for the winter style in mourning dress to be announced.

A Tennessee girl went out for a sail with a man who was panting to die for her. A squall upset the boat, and he panted for shore, and let a negro rescue her.

The managers of the bull fights at Nimes, for the purpose of adding a new sensation to the spectacle, have engaged women instead of men to act as matadors or killers.

A Kentucky girl was struck and killed by lightning while dressing for her wedding, and a hard-hearted paper says: "There is such a thing as a girl being too attractive."

If it makes a white woman bewitching to stick a piece of black courtplaster on her face, why wouldn't a piece of white courtplaster make a black woman appear positively charming?

A sister of King Kalakua, and the wife of an American shipmaster at Hawaii, acts as regent of the kingdom in her brother's absence. Kalakua has chosen her as his successor to the throne.

Fogg thinks that Miss Prim must be hard on 30 forty. He judges by analogy, you know. He says that a tree adds a ring to its growth every year, and he has counted nearly forty rings on her taper fingers.

Skirts, though still clinging, are more voluminous, because of the numerous draperies added on to them, not only in the way of paniers, but also in that of the tournure, which is added to all modern costumes.

A young lady, having read about a man having invented a stove which will consume its own smoke, hopes he will next devise a method whereby tobacco-smokers can be run on the same economical principle.

Scene: Bridal reception. Several of the guests, after shaking hands with the bride, and all speaking at the same time—"Where is the bridegroom?" Bride (naively)—"Oh, he's upstairs watching the wedding-presents."

"You are one now," said the minister to the happy pair in first putting together with a knot that they could never undo. "Which one?" asked the bride. "You will have to settle that for yourselves," said the clergyman.

Princess Maud the youngest daughter of the Prince of Wales, is described as a musical genius. Although only twelve years old she shows extraordinary vocal powers, and is an devoted as a persistent a student of music. Her parents have been obliged to restrain her enthusiasm.

A woman who gets hold of a bit of manhood is like one of those Chinese wood-carvers who work on any odd fantastic root that comes to hand. I should like to see any kind of man distinguishable from a gorilla that some good and even pretty woman could not shape a husband out of.

A lady who went to [illegible] put the bonnet on her head as soon as she got to the river, and [illegible] without having to take a nasty worm in her fingers to renew the bait. She didn't get a bite, but that was a secondary matter.

"Cremation is no longer popular, I see," remarked Job Stuttle this morning. "Well, I should hope not. It's bad enough to think of your soul burning up let alone the body." "Mrs. Stuttle, I wish you wouldn't accent the word 'your,' and look at me so sharply." And the meal was finished in silence.

A couple of girls coming from a social last evening were discussing their young men, evidently. [illegible] but [illegible] a good enough, but [illegible] take to graveyard [illegible], hard stones, and [illegible] after [illegible] to a [illegible] for a [illegible].

Hot irons should never be used for embroidery. Unless the work is very badly done, it will be found sufficient to stretch it as tightly as possible, with white tacks or drawing-pins, on a clean [illegible] quite dry, and should not, if [illegible] new ware, be fringed until it is dry.

New Haven ladies are reported to be a good deal scandalized by the newspaper statements that Jennie Cramer was the belle of the city. They protest that she did not come nearer than the third degree of this giddy altitude. The fact in the case may no doubt be faithfully expressed by the words "pretty, but foolish."

An ingenious Boston woman, who occupied a cottage last summer near the sea-shore, not a great many miles from that cultured city, had a jewel box made in imitation of a lobster, and [illegible] the woman her cottage was entered, and all the silverware carried off, but her jewel-box was undisturbed, although it was far easier of access than the silverware.

A pretty woman generally knows she is pretty, and counts upon the effect her beauty produces upon [illegible] But [illegible] that she never [illegible] effect stop? We can all put up with a good deal of stupefying nonsense from a pretty girl, but when she gets started at us deport herself with straightened dowagers, or else makes us ridiculous.

News Notes.

Rattlesnakes never live to be older than [illegible].

In 1693 the dandified young man carried muffs.

There are 65,000 doctors in the United States.

New wall-paper is in imitation of gobelin tapestry.

A 40-gallon barrel will hold 4,000 small-sized pickles.

Spiced tomato sandwiches, with butter, are an English relish.

Vanderbilt's daily income from United States bonds is $2,700.

Thirteen female physicians are practicing in Clinton county, Iowa.

There were 2,232,785 oranges shipped from Tampa, Fla., last season.

Dean Stanley's will has been proved, and the personalty sworn under $150,000.

Mrs. Gladstone, wife of the Premier, is suffering from erysipelas in the face.

Most of the lager beer used in France is made in Strasburg and Vienna.

Within the last ten years 1,300,000 Italians have emigrated to foreign parts.

It is rumored that the King of Wurtemburg has been converted to Catholicism.

The revised New Testament is being adopted by the English clergy of New South Wales.

A nine-year-old boy in Michigan not only shot and killed a comrade, but stole the pistol to do it with.

It is said that hay fever never occurs in those who are small eaters of meat during the hot season.

We breathe 20 times in a minute, 1,200 times in an hour, 16,800 times a day, and about 9,000,000 times a year.

Artemus Hale, of Bridgewater, Mass., the oldest ex-member of Congress now living, will enter upon his 99th year in a few months.

Jefferson once wrote: "I had rather live where newspapers without a government, than under a government without newspapers."

The State Geologist of New Jersey has satisfied himself that the southern end of that State is sinking at the rate of eight feet per century.

There have been but two applications for office since the President was shot, and these were during the days he was supposed to be improving.

It costs about $320,000 to gain an election in the German Parliament, which beats anything American Congressional candidates have to contend with.

Perennial hollyhocks, delphiniums, peonies, phlox, dianthus, and all other plants that will endure our winters, should be planted early in the autumn.

The Mayor of Indianapolis has decided that selling peanuts on Sunday is not a work of charity or of necessity, and has fined a peanut vender for the offence.

The Sultan of Turkey lives in a constant fear of assassination, and an extra guard of black eunuchs surround the apartments he occupies both night and day.

A rainy Sunday sends the spirits of the hotel men down to zero. On one rainy Sunday at Coney Island the loss on fish, meat and vegetables alone amounted to $20,000.

A man in Indiana has invented an organ and piano combined, which can be played together or separately from the same keyboard, the change being effected without a break in the music.

Some thief, who did not know what he was getting, stole the notes of a special prayer for the Pr[illegible] from the pocket of the Rt. Rev. Leonard [illegible] of New [illegible], [illegible] last week.

While in some parts of Europe much heat has been experienced this summer, in others severe cold has occurred. In Switzerland, during June, vegetables froze in the fields, and grass in the meadows.

Mr. H. H. Warner, of Rochester, N. Y. offers a prize of $100 for the best essay about 3,000 words on "Comets, their composition, [illegible] effect on the earth," the essay to be submitted [illegible] November 1.

Locomotives come into Milwaukee, Wis., covered an inch deep with crushed grasshoppers. The coating looks like a greenish, yellow-streaked mud. The grasshoppers kill themselves flying against the locomotives.

A story comes from Spain of a rich capitalist, long resident of Cuba, who has recently died there and left his fortune of $12,000,000 to be divided between four negroes, formerly his slaves, who once saved his life from a wildcat while he was out hunting.

Three children in one family died recently in this State, under peculiar circumstances. Two of them, while playing in the yard, were bitten by snakes. Their mother, going to their assistance, left a kettle of boiling water on the floor, and the other child fell into it.

A forlorn looking individual who was selling cards on the streets in Chicago was arrested [illegible] because the articles were found [illegible] and were supposed to have been stolen. [illegible] to the record in the case of the prisoner was found to be a girl in disguise, who, being in want, had adopted this plan of disposing of her jewelry without being recognized.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., Jan. 31, 1879

GENTLEMEN—Having been afflicted for a number of years with indigestion and general debility, by the advice of my doctor I used Hop Bitters, and must say they afford me almost instant relief. I am glad to be able to testify to their behalf.

[illegible]

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

[illegible] makes sound flesh [illegible] hope and not without reason. [illegible] fair use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

[illegible] medical properties essential to purify, heal [illegible] and invigorate the broken-down and wasted [illegible] QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

[illegible]

The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compounding remedy, but restores the harmonious action of each of the [illegible] it establishes thoroughly [illegible] at harmony, as I suppose pure and healthy current [illegible] a few days use of the Resolvent will be manifest. Pimples, Blotches, Skin Eruptions are rapidly cured. Persons suffering from Ulcers, Diseases of the Eyes, [illegible] that have accumulated from [illegible] from impaired digestion, [illegible] One Dollar Per Bottle.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREVENT MORE DISEASE THAN ANY OTHER MEDICINE IN THE WORLD. [illegible] ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE THE MOST INCREDULOUS OF ITS MERITS.

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED INTERNALLY OR TAKEN INTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS, PAIN, FROM WHATEVER CAUSE, CEASES TO EXIST. In those [illegible] pain or discomfort is experienced, such as Headache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Influenza, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Coughs, Hoarseness, Bilious Colic, Pain in the Side, Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Colds, Fever and Ague, or any other [illegible] Pains, Aches, or Weaknesses, RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will instantly afford ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing, Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Purify the [illegible] with sweet [illegible] RADWAY'S PILLS [illegible] the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nerves, brain, [illegible] Nervous Disorders, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely vegetable, and contain no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs. Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A dose of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We request that the reader will carefully peruse our books and papers on the subject of disease and their cure, and pronounce us honest.

"False and True."

"Radway on Irritable Urethra."

"Radway on Scrofula,"

and others relating to the [illegible] of this age.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.

[illegible] scarcity of the value of R. R. R. RADWAYS than the base and worthless imitations of them, as there are False Resolvents, Ready Reliefs and Pills. Beware and ask for Radway's, and see that the name, [illegible]

DR. WARNER'S CORALINE CORSETS.

Boned with a New Material.

A REWARD OF $10

[illegible]

WARNER BROS., 372 Broadway, N. Y.

Some months ago "The Saturday Evening Post" commenced telling its readers about

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

About its being a labor-saving invention, destined to afford wonderful relief to overworked women and servant-girls; that it was as necessary to the comfort of the Rich as of the Poor; that the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes was a better way and an easier way than the old way, and that it would answer both for the finest laces and garments and for the coarser clothing of the laboring classes; that the directions were so simple and easy that a child could have no trouble in following them; and that it was a cheap soap to use; that a few minutes' time on the part of a housekeeper of ordinary intelligence was all that was necessary to show the girl or washerwoman how to use it, and every housekeeper should insist **on its being used exactly by the directions, and should not listen to any excuse for not using it.**

The Saturday Evening Post also endorsed all these statements, and told its readers that **the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes never failed when the soap fell in the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.**

A Person of Refinement,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes in place of the old, hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons,

The Saturday Evening Post said, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that better ways had been brought to their notice.

Time Has Shown

That these efforts have been appreciated. Though the advertisements in this paper and the unqualified indorsement of every claim made for the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, the Frank Siddalls Soap has been sent to every State in the Union where *The Saturday Evening Post* circulates, and overworked or annoyed housekeepers from every section have written their letters of thanks for having had their attention drawn to this great improvement.

The Frank Siddalls Soap

Has already been introduced into a number of public institutions through *The Saturday Evening Post* and other religious papers. Among others, the Sisters of the Convent of the Visitation, of Maysville, Ky., have written a splendid testimonial. They say that the Soap has given wonderful satisfaction, both in the laundry and for the bath and toilet. They use it for taking out grease-spots from black goods, for washing burns and blisters, and for every household use.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER—remember that prejudice is a sign of ignorance—and give one honest trial to the FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her own interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FOUR conditions:—

Persons who do not comply with all FOUR of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters.

1st. Enclose the retail price (10 cents) in money or stamps.
2d. Say in her letter in what paper she saw the advertisement.
3d. Promise that the soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
4th. Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage-stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for a single lady reader of *The Saturday Evening Post* for not doing away with all of her wash-day troubles.

Gentlemen are requested not to send for the Soap until their wives have promised to faithfully comply with every requirement.

The Frank Siddalls IMPROVED WAY of Washing Clothes.

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow these Rules Exactly, or Dont Buy the Soap.

The soap washes freely in hard water. Dont use soda or lye. Dont use borax. Dont use anything but FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

THE WASH-BOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Heat the wash-water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash.

A wash boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this soap. **Always use lukewarm water. Never use very hot water,** and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in, the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the washboard, and rub on the soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let the soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn each garment inside out so as to get at the seams, but DONT use any more soap; DONT scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DONT wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty, dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can readily be got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash, soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes, but DONT keep the soap on the wash-board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste. Do not expect this soap to wash out stains that have been SET by the old way of washing.

NEXT comes the rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out. Wash each piece lightly on the washboard (without using any more soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use scarcely any bluing, for this soap takes the place of bluing. *Stir a piece of the soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy.* Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them, and hang them out to dry *without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece.* Washed this way the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will smell as sweet as new. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a good way, nor a clean way, to put clothes to soak over night. Such long soaking sets dirt, and makes the clothes harder to wash.

If at any time the wash-water gets too cool to be comfortable, add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather, use less soap next time; if not lather enough, use more soap.

For Washing Horses, Dogs, and other Domestic Animals, The Frank Siddalls Soap is without an equal; it is excellent for washing the dirt out of scratches and sores on horses. Fleas, lice, and other vermin on animals, are attracted by dirt; wash the animal clean, and there is no dirt for the vermin to thrive on. It takes the smell of milking off the farmer's hands. Try the Frank Siddalls Soap for Shaving; it leaves the most tender skin smooth and soft; try it for Washing the Baby; try it for cleaning Sores, Wounds, and for Hospital Use generally, in place of the Imported Castile soap. It will not irritate the face and neck when sore from sunburn, nor the Baby when chafed with its clothing.

Persons who have had their Skin Poisoned by the Poison Oak or Poison Sumac, or those who are afflicted with Salt Rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, Pimples or Blotches on the face, Old Stubborn Ulcers, Itching Piles, etc., often find that the use of Castile or toilet soaps seems to aggravate their trouble. The Frank Siddalls Soap, on the contrary, will agree with the most delicate skin; it can be used both in health and disease, and can always be depended on not to irritate the skin even of the youngest infant, and for that reason is recommended by many physicians and nurses for washing burns and scalds and all sore surfaces of the skin in preference to the best Castile soap.

For use in the Sick Room, for Washing Utensils, Bedding, etc., and for Washing an Invalid, it is highly recommended by physicians and others as remarkable for being both mild and at the same time thoroughly cleansing.

Remember it does not soil the Clothing or Bedding, and it is not necessary to rinse the suds thoroughly off, as is the case with most other soaps.

ADDRESS ALL LETTERS, OFFICE OF

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,

718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such wholesale houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co., Borkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, and others, and by many retail grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by nearly every wholesale and retail grocer, and is rapidly growing to be the most Popular Soap in the United States.

A few of the MANY THOUSANDS OF TESTIMONIALS that are received at the Office of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP are printed in this week's "Saturday Evening Post." By reference to Mr. Siddall's affidavit, it will be seen that he makes positive affidavit that these testimonials are all genuine. In addition, a gentleman connected with the staff of this paper has personally examined every one of the postals and letters from which the testimonials were copied, and THEY ARE UNDOUBTEDLY GENUINE, proving that THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP will do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, and will make clothes clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding,

and that any statements to the contrary are either ignorant falsehoods or malicious falsehoods.

It surpasses all other soap, and the labor in washing is not half what it is the old way.

Bennett, Neb., June 18, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall.

Dear Sir: After a trial of your way of washing with your Soap, it gives me great pleasure to state that it surpasses all other soaps and preparations that I have seen used. The labor is hardly half what it is the old way. Please send me prices. Yours respectfully,

SALOME WILSON

A voice from the far West, from a large co-operative concern.

We have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and the success is so great that we must have it. It is certainly all you say it is. I am President of a Co-operative Concern, where we have eight clerks, and desire your list of prices, as we must have it.

JAMES W. TAYLOR,
Lehi City, Utah Co., Utah.

June 29, 1881.

Can be termed the Housekeeper's Relief.

Have used your Soap according to the directions, and find it a complete cleanser and sweetener of all clothing, and will use no other if I can procure it, and will do all I can to introduce it among my friends. I think it can be termed "the Housekeeper's Relief," for the old wash-day is one of the most trying that falls to the lot of housekeepers.

MRS. J. B. LITTLE,
McGaheysville, Buckingham Co., Va.

June 20, 1881.

Must prove a great boon to the human family.

North Haverhill, N. H., June 14, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Dear Sir: The Soap you sent me has been tried, and the result, for clothes, shaving, and other purposes, has proven satisfactory. I think its general use must prove a great boon to the human family. Respectfully yours,

E. EASTMAN.

Washes in the hard water of Kansas.

Sir: I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, both with hard and soft water, and with satisfactory results, the labor not being more than one-half what it would have been with other soap, while the articles washed were cleaner and whiter than by the old plan. I used the Soap exactly by the directions.

MARY THAYER,
Ottumwa, Coffee Co., Kan.

June 21, 1881.

Used both in soft and hard water.

Monticello, Minn., June 13, 1881.

Dear Sir: The cake of Frank Siddalls Soap came to hand, and I have tried it both in soft and hard water, and I pronounce it the best Soap I have ever used. Please give me the price by the box.

MRS. J. W. HANAFORD.

A reverend gentleman and his family perfectly astonished.

Dear Sir: The cake of soap came to hand last Saturday, and to-day we tried it on a family wash. When the clothes came from the wash we were astonished. They were—well, see Mark ix. 3 for a description.

We are delighted, and now I want to know the prices, for my wife says she never wants to go back to the old way of washing. Yours truly,

REV. C. GALKENER.

A two weeks' wash done in two hours, and the astonishment of a postmistress for saying so.

I have tried the Frank Siddalls Soap, and am very much pleased with it, and have done a two weeks' wash in two hours, which would have taken half a day's hard labor to do by the old way of washing. Any woman can do her own washing with it, as the Soap does all the hard work. Some of the clothes were very badly soiled, but came out clean and white. Please let me know by return mail what it will cost, as I don't see how I can do without it.

Yours respectfully,

C. WASHABAUGH, P. M.,
Broad Ford, Pa.

June 15, 1881.

A heartfelt tribute to the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Dear Sir: There are not words in the English language to express the gratitude at the result of the Frank Siddalls Soap. I find it just as recommended, and believe in time it will be as universally used as the sewing machine. If I cannot persuade any of our grocerymen to order it, I shall send for some for myself and to supply my friends. Please let me know the price.

MRS. JOSHUA SMITH,
Deposit, Broome Co., N. Y.

July 9, 1881.

Makes flannels as soft as new.

Hornellsville, Steuben Co., N. Y.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

We found your Soap to be more than you claim for it, for my wife says that for washing white flannels she never saw anything that came anywhere near equaling it, for they were very stiff, and had a stained look, but after one washing with the Frank Siddalls Soap they came out clean and white and as soft as new.

JAMES E. BEACH.

A success for washing colored clothes.

Forge Village, Mass., June 26, 1881.

Mr. Siddall:

I received your Soap, and have used it according to directions. It works charmingly. I like it better than any soap I have ever used. I was a little afraid of it on colored clothes, but used it as the directions say, and they looked as nice as I could want. Would like to know the price by the box, as our grocer does not keep it. Yours truly.

MRS. SARAH P. PRESCOTT.

AFFIDAVIT.

Before me, a Justice of the Peace in and for the City of Philadelphia, personally appeared Frank H. Siddall, well known to me as a prominent citizen of Philadelphia in good standing, and made the following affidavit:

I served an apprenticeship to the Drug and Chemical Business with the well known Philadelphia drug firm of John C. Baker & Co.; attended three full courses of Lectures on Chemistry, Materia Medica, and the Preparation of Medicines, at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, and graduated March, 1856; and up to the time of my entering into the manufacturing of THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP—a period of twenty-five years—was engaged in the Wholesale and Retail Drug Business, the greater part of that time on my own account.

I hereby make solemn affidavit that the FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP is not a medicated preparation, but is made from fine materials, entirely free from any deleterious fats, acids, or other injurious substances, and that the wonderful healing properties that it appears to have, on old and recent sores and ulcers, chapped and inflamed surfaces, and itching of the skin, tetter, salt rheum, itching piles, &c., &c., sores and scratches, mange, and scabby skin troubles of dogs, hogs and other animals, must be entirely due to the purity of the materials of which it is composed, the clean process by which it is made, and the great care taken during every stage of its manufacture to see that none of its ingredients shall be soiled by careless or ignorant manipulation; and that my success in the production of such a superior soap is attributable to the same reason that one housekeeper will produce sweet, light and wholesome bread, where others, who use equally as good flour, will, through defective management, have sour, heavy and indigestible bread.

I do solemnly declare that while it was never intended for, and is not, nor is it claimed to be, a medical preparation, or having any special medical properties, there is no question but that it is a valuable aid to the physician, from its remarkable cleansing, purifying and deodorizing properties, which so thoroughly remove all foreign matter from the skin that nature is enabled to carry on its own healing functions.

I do solemnly declare that the testimonials published from time to time are copies of genuine letters received at my office in due course of business, the originals being on file and open to the inspection of the public.

I further declare that all the claims made for it are true in every particular, and that statements that it will not do everything claimed, when the directions are followed, are malicious or ignorant falsehoods; that it actually makes clothing clean, sweet and white without boiling or scalding or hard rubbing, and is equally good for calico, lawns, blankets, flannels, fine laces and fine clothing, as well as the more soiled garments of farmers, miners, blacksmiths and laborers; removing the grime, dust and dirt from the skin of engineers and firemen, cleansing and removing the smell from milk utensils, and the hands of those who attend to milking, and superior for cleaning nursing bottles and tubing, and consequently of great advantage in the nursery; and that it can be made to go so much further than other soap for all uses, and saves so much fuel when used on the family wash, that it is the cheapest soap that even the poorest family can buy.

I do further solemnly declare that it is used by myself and family, to the exclusion of all other soap, for toilet, shaving, bathing, and all household purposes, and in place of Castile soap for cleaning the teeth, and in the washing of cuts and wounds; and that I have positive knowledge, from my own personal and home experience, that even its long-continued use will not injure the skin of those using it, nor the most delicate fabrics washed with it

FRANK H. SIDDALL.

The above affidavit affirmed and subscribed before me this twenty-fourth day of June, A. D. 1881.

EZRA LUKENS Magistrate of Court No. 12.

A boon to womankind.

137 Whitton Street, Jersey City, June 29, 1881.

My wife desires me to write and say she is delighted with the Soap you sent as a labor-saver and thorough cleanser. "She never saw the like." It has no equal; it possesses all the peculiar characteristics you claim for it, and it is truly "a boon to womankind." We shall never be without it, and you have many thanks for your kindness in sending us a sample.

Very truly yours,

E. F. CROWELL.

The Frank Siddalls Soap saves money.

Morristown, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

Dear Sir: Your Soap was received and given a good test by my wife.

It saves money in several ways, to wit: Saves soap, wood, water, etc. Will always be glad to give it the best recommendation of any soap that we have had anything to do with. Yours respectfully,

GEO. H. RUSSEL.

P. S.—How can we get the Soap? We keep store, and would like to have your Soap for sale.

Washed forty-five pieces in two hours, and never saw better washing.

Bonham, Fannin County, Texas, June 14, 1881.

We gave your Soap a fair trial on a large wash for six persons—executed the whole job in about two hours, and find the soap everything it is recommended to be. I never saw better washing; the ladies are delighted, and now I want to know the price for two or three boxes.

Yours truly, W. E. CARMEY.

As soon think of doing without bread and butter.

After giving the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial, I can conscientiously say that it is all you recommend it to be. I should about as soon be without bread and butter at my meals, as now to be without the Frank Siddalls Soap.

MRS. M. I. THORN,
Box 200, Alden, Erie County, N. Y.

June 27, 1881.

Will wash badly stained articles.

May 8, 1881.

I have washed with your Soap according to the directions, and find that it does all you claim for it. Some of the articles were badly stained, and it took the stains out with little trouble or labor. Please let me know the price by the box.

MAG. A. PETTUS,
Parsells, Xavier Co., Arkansas.

It is hard to go back to the old way.

Murdock, Douglass Co., Ill., June 16, 1881.

Sir: I found your soap to be all it is recommended, for it saves me more than half the labor. It is hard to go back to the old way of washing. Please let me know how you sell it and I will send for some, for it is remarkable how it works.

KATE KRACHT.

A most wonderful and labor-saving discovery.

Forest Home, Warren Co., Miss., June 24, 1881.

Frank Siddall, Esq.:

Your Soap fulfills in every particular all you claim for it. It is so satisfactory that my wife wishes me to buy a box of it. It is a most wonderful and labor-saving discovery, and I shall not hesitate to recommend it in the strongest terms to my neighbors. Send me your terms for one or more boxes. Yours respectfully,

L. RAWSON.

"A person don't know how easy a washing is until Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes is tried."

Arapahoe, Furnas Co., Nebraska, June 9, 1881.

Tried your Soap yesterday on a big wash, and I can thankfully say that it does all that is claimed for it; and the clothes came off the line cleaner and whiter than the old way of washing makes them. A person don't know how easy a washing is, until they try Frank Siddalls way of washing; it does away with the hard work.

Now I want to know the price of the Soap by the box, for I expect to use no other. Respectfully yours,

SALLIE MEYERHOEFFER.

God bless the inventor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Blossburg, Tioga Co., Pa., June 15, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap was received and used by the directions, and I was surprised at the results. Your Soap is all you claim it to be. God bless the inventor of Frank Siddalls Soap!

Yours respectfully, J. P. MORRELL.

Its softening effects on the skin a reality.

Yazoo City, Mississippi, July 5, 1881.

I have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial under my personal supervision, and am more than pleased and satisfied with the result. In addition to its other merits, it takes out sewing machine oil stains like magic. I am in love with it for the toilet and bath. When the lather is allowed to stay on the body the skin feels as soft and pliant as if it had been anointed with oil or cream. Please let me know the price by the box.

MRS. M. A. HARRISON.

Charmed with its wonderful work.

St. Joseph, Louisiana, June 20, 1881.

Have tried the Soap in strict accordance with the directions, and am charmed with it. Its work is wonderful. I would like to know where to get more, and the price by the box.

MRS. H. NICHOLS.

From a Philadelphia Grocer, showing that sensible wash-women recommend it.

61st St. and Hazel Av., West Phila., July 7, 1881.

Dear Sir: We have been using your Soap for some time, and find it all that you promise. Our wash-woman uses it just as directed, and has no trouble in washing, and we sell a great deal through her recommendation.

J. C. HAEFLICH, Grocer.

The dirt all came out with the Soap.

Hadley, Lapeer Co., Mich.

Dear Sir: We have followed your directions, and are very much pleased with the result. While we were washing out the soap from the clothes the dirt all came out. We have never used anything to wash with that began to compare with your Soap.

Please inform us what your terms are, and oblige

MRS. A. N. HART.

The rubbing is so light that it does not seem like work.

Muldoon, Mississippi, June 17, 1881.

Mr. Frank Siddall:

Your Soap received, and gives perfect satisfaction. The only trouble with it is that the rubbing is so light that it does not seem at all like work. How, and at what price can I obtain the Soap by the box? Yours, etc.,

MRS. A. KILMER.

The happiest wash-day in thirty-seven years.

Dear Sir:

My wife and servant have given the Frank Siddalls Soap a trial according to directions. And now let me say: Thirty and seven years have I lived in this evil world, and never before have I seen such a happy wash-day; no steam, no heat, no unpleasant odor, no work. Please send price for box at once, as we want it in time for the wash next week. Very truly,

J. C. STEPHENS,
Trinity M. E. Church.

Lafayette, Ind., June 22, 1881.

A prejudiced jury decides in favor of the Frank Siddalls Soap.

Butler, Pendleton Co., Ky., June 26, 1881.

Have just put The Frank Siddalls Soap on trial, having submitted the case to a prejudiced jury (my wife). The verdict is in favor of the Soap. My wife says it will do all that is claimed for it in the way of washing clothes, and no mistake. Please give me information as to how it can be procured. Yours truly,

C. A. WANDELOHR.

Not only all, but more than is claimed for it, and Frank Siddall will be regarded as a public benefactor.

409 Larimer St., P. O. Box 1585, Denver, Col.

July 3, 1881.

I have used The Frank Siddalls Soap as directed, and was gratified to find that it was not only all, but more than you claimed for it. As soon as your Soap is in general use you will be regarded as a public benefactor. Please advise me of the price by the box, for I must have it for my use, as I find it good for all purposes; and although when I sent for it I thought it to be a humbug, I now most cheerfully bear testimony to its genuineness and worth.

Yours very truly,

MRS. M. W. BRANDENBURG.

The Frank Siddalls Soap too much for the black, waxy soil of the West.

Brandon, Hill Co., Tex., June 11, 1881.

Dear Sir: To-day my wife has done a big wash with your Soap, and is delighted with it; says it don't take half the water the old way does, and she don't have to stand over a steam bath from boiling hot suds, and the clothes dry out clear and white, and smell as nice.

Our black, waxy soil makes clothing awful dirty, but your soap roots it out with but little rubbing.

Our water is very hard, but your Soap washes nicely in it, and we did not have to use soda or lye as we do when using other soap. Please send prices.

GEORGE BLANCHARD.

It is not asking much to ask for one wash-day a FAIR, HONEST TRIAL of the Most Wonderful Soap and the Most Wonderful Way of Washing Clothes Ever Discovered.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for washing mirrors, window glass, car windows, and all kinds of glass vessels; also for washing milk utensils, and for removing the smell from the hands after milking. Where water is scarce or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few buckets of water will answer for doing a large wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to the directions.

For Sale by a number of Wholesale Grocers in Pittsburgh;—S. Ewart & Co.; Curry & Metzgar; Johnson, Eagye & Earl; John Porterfield & Co., and others.

New Publications.

"Warlock o' Glenwarlock," a romance by George Macdonald. The story traces the fortunes of a young Scotch lad—the son of a poor laird—describes his struggles with the world to gain bread and position, and his final victory. It is a work of intense interest, and its final culmination, the unraveling of the mystery which had for two generations hung over the house, blighting its prospects and staining it with suspicion, is skilfully and dramatically managed. It is published in handsome form and is finely illustrated. Price $1.75. Boston, D. Lathrop & Co. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Co., this city.

"The Bridal Eve; or, Rose Elmer" is one of Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth's most powerful and absorbing novels. Mrs. Southworth unquestionably stands at the head of American fiction writers, and it has long been a matter of general regret that, owing to their being copyright works, it was impossible to issue her universally admired books in cheap form. These difficulties having been arranged, the Messrs. Peterson are now enabled to publish "The Bridal Eve" in cheap form, at seventy-five cents a copy, so as to place it in everybody's hands. We recommend this work to everyone. T. B. Peterson & Co., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

R. Worthington, 770 Broadway, New York, announces for immediate publication, "Chatterbox Junior," edited by Edward Willett, Joshua Kendall, Miss Pollard, and others. Illustrated with colored and full-page wood engravings. Quarto, boards, $1.25. The publisher considers this "Chatterbox Junior" the best juvenile of its kind ever issued. On examining its pages, parents will be convinced that it is adapted to the understanding of our young folks. It is a book that should be in every family.

The publishers of Rev. Dr. Robinson's "Spiritual Songs for the Sunday-School" have just issued a little book containing only the hymns of that work, and selling for one-half the money. The new edition is prettily bound in flexible red cloth, and costs but 20 cents. The complete tune edition, bound in stiff boards, covered with red cloth, with red edges, costs 40 cents to schools in quantities. The Century Co., New York.

MAGAZINES.

Appleton's Journal for October gives the fifth instalment of "Saints and Sinners," a capital story from the French of Victor Cherbuliez. The remaining contents comprise some of the best reading that has appeared in recent issues of foreign periodicals, "Sketches and Reminiscences by Ivan Tourgenief," by C. E. Turner; "English and American English," by Richard A. Proctor; "French Intellectual Life," by Karl Hillebrand; "Byron, Goethe, and Mr. Matthew Arnold," by W. Hale White; "An Adventure in the Philippine Islands," by H. H. Behr; "Two Theories of Poetry," by Arthur Tilley; "The Meiningen Company and the London Stage," and "Lawn Tennis and its Players," by Robert D. Osborn. The Editor's Table discusses "The Origin of the Modern Home," "President Garfield and Civil Service Reform." Terms, $3 a year. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers, New York.

The magnificent *Magazine of Art* contains this month the following articles, most of which are splendidly illustrated: "The Last Day of a Condemned Prisoner," "Our Living Artists," "Munkacsy," "Christchurch, Hampshire," "The Salon of 1881," "The Woman's Part in Domestic Decoration," "The New Natural History Museum," "Proportions of the Human Figure," "The Career and Works of Flaxman," "Notes on Signboards," "On the Banks of the Meuse," "Artist and Wife," "Choice of Subjects in Landscape Painting," etc., etc. Every lover of art should have this work. Cassell, Petter & Galpin, New York.

Pick's Illustrated Magazine for September is as good as its predecessors, and that is the highest possible praise. Its illustrations and rules for flowers are not only deeply interesting but altogether practical. No better work of its kind is published.

NEW MUSIC.

The Musical World for September is like all its predecessors—rich in contents. Its original miscellany is of the highest interest and its editorials should be read by all interested in music. The music of the number is worth itself ten times the price. The selections are the beautiful "Twickenham Ferry," "London Bridge," "Linden Waltz," "Marie Schottische," and "Hermann Galop." Price 15 cents. S. Brainard's Sons, Cleveland and Chicago.

ROSEVILLE, N. J., June 15, 1881.

DR. GEO. W. HOLMAN:

Sir:—Unsolicited by you, I tender you my testimony as to the efficacy of your Pad. My wife for years has been affected by malarial influences, enlargement of the Liver, and nervous prostration, the nights frequently passing without sleep. I purchased her one of your Pads, and to my great satisfaction it dissipated the swollen feeling of the Liver, quieted the nerves, and brought refreshing sleep. You may publish this, as I think it may be the means of inducing some who know me to try this unequaled remedy. Yours truly,

THOS. PICKERING.

HOLMAN'S PADS for sale by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $2. Address HOLMAN PAD CO., 744 Broadway, N. Y.

Full treatise and advice sent free.

AFTER THE THEATRE.

Ten dollars. Quite a sum to pay
For one who earns but four a day,
For just a single evening's fun.
It seems so, now the thing is done.
Three for the carriage, for you know
I never could ask her to go
With that swell dress—the shade ecru,
A train strung out a yard or two—
In a plain horse-car. And so nice
She looked, I do not grudge the price.
Three more for seats—down centre aisle
And four rows back—just right for style.
The curtain rose. How time will pass
While gazing through an opera-glass.
The curtain fell. Once more we stood
Outside, and then the thought of food
Itself presented. She said yes,
She felt quite hungry. You can guess
That what we ate, with just a bit
Of rosy wine to season it,
Used up that other four. Time sped.
I took her home. Good-night was said.
Then to my own home came I straight:
And here I sit and meditate.
The cash I had four hours ago
Is gone. I've naught for it to show.
Have I regrets for it? Not one.
'Twas folly, but, by Jove, 'twas fun!

—B. POST

Humorous.

How to reap a benefit—Cut your corn.

The best press ever made—Two loving arms.

What do sailors do with the knots the ship makes in a day?

What part of speech is most distasteful to lovers? The third person.

It is said there never was an honest redbreast; he is always a robin.

Why is a cabbage running to seed like a lover? Because it has lost its heart.

Why are lawyers like wild beasts? Because they're savage unless they're fed.

We know a stupid old tectotaler who is so true to his principles he won't even mix in society.

Conundrum for amateur violinists: What is the most important point in amateur violin-playing? Stopping!

Kentuckians are actually praying for rain. That people in that State should ask for water in any form is really surprising.

A volume of Oscar Wilde's poems has been sent to the Czar of Russia, and the Nihilists are awaiting results with feverish anxiety.

One of our citizens treated his neighbors to a very fine harvest scene the other day. He was sitting by an open window, cutting his corn.

The substance of the verdict of a coroner's jury on a man who died in a state of inebriation, was "Death by hanging—round a rum-shop."

We all think that the world will break up when we die, for who will carry it on? But, somehow, it gets on just as well, if not better, when we have left it.

Jones, on hearing a band of "picked musicians" torturing a tune at a recent concert, said, "Ah, I understand they were picked before they were ripe."

There are a certain class of men who stand around on the street-corners and grumble about the way things are managed, and yet they don't manage well enough to make a living.

A servant girl wrote from New York to her friends that she works in a house called flats, and that they go from one story to another in ventilators, and send their washing to the foundry.

A professor mentions, as a striking evidence of the symmetry of Nature's operations, that "mushrooms always spring up in a shower," which is doubtless the reason that they are shaped like umbrellas."

Two Irishmen were lamenting the illness of a friend who had been much brought down of late. "It's dreadful wake and thin he is sure; he's as thin as the pair of us put together!" one of the sympathizers observed.

An old oyster-digger, who has caught billions and eaten millions of the delicious bivalve, was delighted with a dish given him at a church-fair called "oyster-stew." He added it was new to him—he was sick of oysters.

Some of the Western rivers are so shallow that the pilot walks ahead at night and points out the way with a lantern. During the dry season water is so scarce that a pailful wasted would check the commerce of half a dozen counties.

"My son," said an economical old gentleman to his spendthrift offspring, "when Benjamin Franklin was alive he always looked after the pennies, and now, though dead, he has his reward by having his head on the penny postage-stamp."

In passing around the pastry the other noon, Aminadab's mother neglected to serve that youth with his customary pie. "Mother," said he, "can you tell me why I am like a man that is continually persecuted?" "No," "Because I have no piece," answered the youth.

A downeaster makes merry over the mistake of an old Shanghae hen of his that has been "setting" for five weeks upon two round stones and a piece of brick. "Her anxiety," quoth he, "is not greater than ours to know what she will hatch. If it proves to be a brick-yard, that hen is not for sale."

During an election in a certain locality, a temperance candidate called on a rum-seller and solicited his vote. "I would rather vote for the devil than for you," was the savage response. "Yes, I know," said the candidate; "but in case your friend should not be nominated, might I then count on your assistance?"

Guard Against Disease.

If you find yourself getting bilious, head heavy, mouth foul, eyes yellow, kidneys disordered, symptoms of piles tormenting you, take at once a few doses of Kidney-Wort. It is Nature's greatest assistant. Use it as an advance guard; don't wait to get down sick. See advertisement.

A Self-Made Man.

About ten years ago there was plowing upon the hillsides in Hunterdon County, New Jersey, a poor barefooted boy. He was one of a large family, and stood but a small show for a share of this world's joys. He was forced to leave the paternal roof and seek his own support. He had the true American pluck, and strove manfully to make his mark in the world. How well he has succeeded will be understood when we state that he has become to-day one of the largest and most influential manufacturers in this country. Alone he mapped out a career which already shines conspicuously among the many examples of the self-made men of our times. His name is Daniel F. Beatty, Mayor of Washington, New Jersey, and it has become a household word throughout the length and breadth of this land. His unaided enterprise has been prodigious—his success phenomenal. He manufactures and sells direct to the people from his mammoth factory at Washington, New Jersey, upwards of one thousand cabinet organs every month. He is rapidly becoming one of the great benefactors of the race, for he has abolished middlemen's and all extortionate profits, and by reason of a vast trade he produces instruments very economically, and sells them at a small margin above actual cost. The Beethoven Grand Organ, shown in an advertisement in this issue, is one of his newest styles, and is meeting with a wonderful sale. The combination is new, and Mr. Beatty has secured it for his exclusive use by caveats filed at the Patent Office. The organ was produced in May and is pronounced by all disinterested judges to be one of the finest ever placed upon the market. It should be ordered at once if desired for a Holiday present, as Mayor Beatty has an immense trade, and has to crowd his factory to its utmost to fill orders. Readers should remember that Mr. Beatty guarantees everything exactly as represented. He has been three times elected Mayor of his own city, which is proof positive that he is respected at his home.

Found at Last.

"Neutro-Piliene" is a reliable harmless preparation for the extirpation and removal of superfluous hair. It does not burn the hair with caustics or acids, as other so-called specifics do; but *dissolves* it, root and branch, thus ensuring permanent removal. Dr. Mellinger, by whom this most wonderful discovery was made, is a regular graduate of Berlin University, and one of the ablest chemists in the world. All the preparations of the Wilcox Chemical Preparation Co. are quite as remarkable, and are sold under positive guarantee. The Company are in every way reliable. See their advertisement in another column.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

Though Shaken in Every Joint

And fiber with fever and ague, or bilious remittent, the system may yet be freed from the malignant virus with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Protect the system against it with this beneficent anti-spasmodic, which is furthermore a supreme remedy for liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, debility, rheumatism, kidney troubles and other ailments.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

MUSIC

100 Popular Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Comic Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Sentimental Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Old Favorite Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Opera Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Home Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Irish Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Ethiopian Songs, words and music, 30 cts. 100 Scotch Songs, words and music, 30 cts. Any four of the above lots for One Dollar. All of the above for Two Dollars. The above comprises nearly all of the most popular music ever published and is the best bargain ever offered. Order at once. Postage Stamps taken. Pianettes, Violins, Guitars and Musical Instruments at low prices.

World Manuf. Co. 122 Nassau St. New York

THE MILD POWER CURES

HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

100 WORSTED cross-stitch Patterns for 25c. Book of 100 Patterns for Worsted Work, etc., Borders, Corners, Pansies, Roses, Birds, Deer, Elephant, Stork, Comic Designs, 3 Alphabets, etc., 25c. each. 3 books, $1. J. F. INGALLS, Lynn, Mass.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS ONLY $35.00. THEO. J. HARRAH'S, 249 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

DR. C. W. BENSON, of BALTIMORE, MD.

We give above a correct likeness of this well-known and successful physician and surgeon, who has made a life-long study of Nervous Diseases and the Diseases of the Skin, and he now stands in the highest rank, as authority on those special and distressing diseases. In the course of his practice he discovered what now are renowned in medical practice, *viz:* a combination of Celery and Chamomile in the shape of Pills. They are used by the profession at large, and constantly recommended by them.

It is not a patent medicine. It is the result of his own experience in practice. They are a SURE CURE for the following special diseases, and are worthy of a trial by all intelligent sufferers. They are prepared expressly to cure sick headache, nervous headache, dyspeptic headache, neuralgia, paralysis, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, and nervousness, and WILL CURE any case.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

DR. BENSON'S SKIN REMEDY

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

TEXAS

Arkansas and Louisiana.

Cheap Homes for All!

50,000 Laborers can get Immediate Employment, at Good Wages, on Farms and Railroads in Texas Alone.

The South-western Immigration Co.

Will mail, on application, free of cost, postage prepaid, books with maps, giving authentic and reliable information, in detail, of the State of Texas, of Arkansas, or of Western Louisiana. We desire to confer with those wishing to better their condition, and are meditating a change to a new country. Address,

H. G. DUVAL, Secretary, Austin, Texas.
J. N. VICTOR, Eastern Manager, 20 Broadway, New York.
Foreign Office:—WM. W. LANG, President, Leadenhall House, Leadenhall St., London, E. C., England.

Paying Business. The manufacture of rubber hand Printing Stamps—cost to make from 2 to 20 cents each, and sell at from 50 cents to $3 each. We furnish entire apparatus for making Rubber Stamps, rubber enough to make $30 worth of stamps, and full instructions, for $4.75. Order at once, as this order is only good for ninety days. This outfit will be sent C. O. D. only when your order is accompanied by express agent's guarantee to return the goods free of expense in case they are not taken. Catalogue of other goods sent free on application. Agents wanted for the sale of new articles of standard merit. HAYNES & CO., Manufacturers, City Mills, Norfolk Co., Mass.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to sell the best Family Knitting Machine ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with HEEL and TOE complete, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy-work for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the Twombly Knitting Machine Co., 439 Washington St., Boston, Mass

Luxuriant Mustache Will Whiskers or hair in 30 days. Send 10 cents and these notices for sample and particulars. A. L. SMITH & CO., U. S. Agts., Palatine, Ill.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till Cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio

50 Lovely Floral, motto, hand and bouquet Chromo Cards, beautiful colors, name 10c. Chas. Kay, New Haven, Ct.

40 Cards, all Chromo, Glass and Motto in case, name in gold and jet 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Ct.

30 Lovely Moss Rose and Ass't Chromo Cards, name on 10c. American Card Co., West Haven, Conn.

40 Floral Hand and Bouquet Chromo Cards, name on 10c. Franklin Printing Co., New Haven, Ct.

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c. postpaid. O. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

GUNS Revolvers, Etc Bargains. 64-page Catalogue free. Lowest prices known. G. B. W. HAZEN, Boston, Mass

BEATTY BEETHOVEN GRAND ORGAN New Style No. 9000
14 OCTAVES OF REEDS

Only $90

Fully Warranted for Six Years.

27 Stops.

The Case is Charmingly Ornamented with Arabesque Designs in GOLD.

All who wish to secure this Organ at $90 must order at once as the price will soon be advanced to $125.

The beauty of this, my newest and most perfect style, is something phenomenal. I take great pleasure in appending a full description and the specifications of Stop Work of this matchless instrument. It is without a peer and is undoubtedly the finest organ yet manufactured. In its marvelous Stop Work it stands unapproached, and for refined and beautiful tone qualities it can have no rival.

THE BEETHOVEN GRAND ORGAN has five (5) octaves, ten (10) full sets of Golden Tongue Reeds, and twenty-seven (27) stops as described in the specification of stop work below. New effects are introduced which are unequaled. The case is an architectural design of rare beauty and is simply incomparable at the price. It is of solid black walnut with extra large ornamental designs in fret work and carving; receptacle for music and book rack; music holder of chaste design; carved handles for moving; paneled sliding fall with lock; two turned lamp stands; metal foot plates which never wear out; best rubber upright bellows; the whole being charmingly decorated with arabesque designs in gold. Words are inadequate to convey a just conception of its surpassing qualities.

Dimensions—Height, 75 inches. Depth, 24 inches. Length, 66 inches.

SPECIFICATION OF STOP WORK, 27 STOPS IN ALL.

1. **Cello.** This is a set of reeds in the bass, 8 feet pitch, producing a clear, brilliant tone, similar to that of a Bass Viol. It is very effective.
2. **Melodia.** A beautiful open toned stop, acting upon the Diapason reeds.
3. **Clarabella.** A stop acting upon a set of reeds producing a clear, smooth tone, similar in quality to the Diapason.
4. **Manual Sub-Bass.** Draws an octave of powerful sub-bass reeds, 16 feet pitch, connected with the Manual. The tone is deep and sonorous and has a round, pipe-like quality.
5. **Bourdon.** A stop producing an open tone of 16 feet pitch.
6. **Saraphone.** A full set of reeds in the treble of 8 feet pitch, very reedy in quality, and similar to the instrument from which the stop derives its name.
7. **Viol di Gamba.** A set of 8 feet reeds, smooth, round and subdued tone.
8. **Diapason.** 8 feet pitch, smooth, pipe-like quality.
9. **Viola Dolce.** A set of reeds, 4 feet pitch, very soft and sweet and extremely useful as an accompanying stop.
10. **Grand Expressione.** A stop that opens two sets of reeds, one brilliant and one subdued in tone, producing an enchanting combination effect.
11. **French Horn.** 8 feet pitch, exactly imitating a French Horn. This stop is another of the novel and artistic effects which have been given to the world by the Beatty Organs. It is one of great beauty.
12. **Harp Æoline.** A beautiful, dreamy and entrancing effect is produced by this stop.
13. **Vox Humana.** This is a mechanical arrangement placed just back of the reeds, and, when drawn, gives to the tone a wondrously thrilling effect never attained in instrumental music before its introduction. The Beatty Humana is unlike all others, and produces sympathetic sweetness and harmony, imitating the human voice.
14. **Echo.** An 8 feet tone, smooth round quality, and with a full and charming effect, imitating the stop Diapason of a pipe organ.
15. **Dulciana.** A set of reeds in the treble of 8 feet pitch, full, deep, fundamental in character, producing, when added to other 8 and 4 feet stops, a tone useful in accompanying congregational or chorus singing.
16. **Clarionet.** 8 feet pitch, similar to tone produced by the instrument from which it derives its name. It should be used with Viola Dolce.
17. **Voix Celeste.** This is a set of reeds of 8 feet tone, voiced brilliantly and slightly differing in pitch, giving a rarely beautiful effect. These are by far the sweetest toned reeds ever introduced.
18. **Violina.** Draws a set of reeds in treble 4 feet pitch, of violin-like quality.
19. **Vox Jubilante.** Drawing two sets of reeds, both 8 feet pitch, producing the grand and thrilling solo effects of an oboe.
20. **Piccolo.** A set of 4 feet reeds, voiced in exact imitation of a Piccolo. These reeds are made to speak with surprising quickness so that the most brilliant staccato music may be played upon them.
21. **Coupler Harmonique.** This is an octave coupler of improved capacity. It couples the reeds of all octaves together, thus doubling the power of the instrument.
22. **Orchestral Forte.** This is a beautiful swell stop producing sustained orchestral effects.
23. **Grand Organ Knee Stop.** Opening all except solo stops and allowing the performer to produce the most beautiful crescendo and diminuendo effects.
24. **Right Knee Stop.** Opening all treble swell stops.
25. **Automatic Valve Stop.** This is connected with the bellows of the Organ and is operated in the regular process of blowing without extra motions of the hands or feet. To increase in loudness blow fast, to diminish blow slow or stop altogether until the degree of softness desired is attained.
26. **Right Duplex Damper.** This stop opens a damper from middle C up, which gives great expression and acts as a sounding-board. It confines or subdues the tone or allows it to escape, at the will of the performer. Its addition greatly enhances the value of the Organ.
27. **Left Duplex Damper.** Left Duplex Damper opens a damper from middle C down.

No manufacturer, other than myself, can build this Organ, or one producing similar effects, at any price.

DANIEL F. BEATTY'S MANUFACTORY.
Cor. Railroad Av. & Beatty St., Washington, New Jersey.

You cannot purchase an article that will prove such a soul-stirring delight for the home as this incomparable organ. It is a Holiday Present that will be a life-long joy to every member of the family. Music makes the home happy and purifies and ennobles the soul. Order early, the Holidays are close at hand, I shall have to work my establishment to its fullest capacity to meet the demand.

Order at Once.—Nothing Saved by long Correspondence.

☞ VISITORS ALWAYS WELCOME.

FIVE DOLLARS allowed to pay Traveling Expenses, to those who come and select instrument in person. FREE COACH, with Polite Attendant, meets all Trains. ☞ ENTERTAINMENT DURING THE DAY FREE.

CABINET ORGANS.—Cabinet Organs, $30, and upwards. Pipe Organs, Chapel Organs, Parlor Organs, in great variety. Prices sure to please. Now is your time to send your Orders for HOLIDAY PRESENTS. Don't wait till the last moment. GET YOUR ORDER IN EARLY and save disappointment, for there will be Hundreds of Orders to Fill at Christmas-time.

Beautiful Illustrated Catalogue Sent Free.

I will deliver this Organ on board Cars here, boxed, with Stool, Book and Music, for ONLY NINETY DOLLARS..... $90

☞ Be sure to remit by Bank Draft, Post Office Money Order, Registered Letter or Express Prepaid. Money refunded and freight charges paid both ways by me if the Instrument does not give ENTIRE SATISFACTION after one year's constant use.

CAUTION.—I have protected the combination of the Reed Board in this Organ by Caveats, filed at Patent Office, May 13, 1881. Imitators of any kind will be vigorously prosecuted.

Address or call upon DANIEL F. BEATTY, The Manufacturer, Washington, New Jersey.

Facetiæ.

Why is "o" the most charitable letter? Because it is found oftener than any other in "doing good."

"The candles you sold me last were very bad," said Suett to a tallow-chandler. "Indeed, sir, I am very sorry for that." "Yes, sir; do you know they burnt to the middle, and would then burn no longer?" "You surprise me; what! did they go out?" "No, but they burnt shorter."

"The whirligig of time brings strange revenges." A few months ago a well-known citizen and man of means was entirely cleaned out by stocks, and made three attempts to commit suicide. Last month he was appointed ticket-seller on a ferry line, and has been "knocking down" fifty dollars a day ever since.

"Isn't it dreadful, dear, Harold is going on one of those dreadful yachting expeditions, and he is to make one of an amateur crew." "How distinctly fearful, and I understand they always make amateur crews sit on the keel." "I have heard so, dear; how utterly too inexpressibly awful. Harold shall not go."

Lorne appears to want to get his wife home, and so gets a Baltimore paper to say: "To the Princess Louise: We don't like to tell all we know; but they do say that Lorne is just carrying on awful up in Canada during your absence. They say she's a blonde, and very pretty." It may work, but, egad, Lorne, we pity you when she comes. She won't stop to hear denials.

Last night a young fellow going through Walnut street, saw a man sleep in a doorway, and proceeding to give him a punch in the ribs, remarking, "Why the blazes don't you get up and have some life about you." And the sleeper arose and went for the young fellow, and beat the earth with him and tore him all to pieces, and then mildly replied: "Why don't I have some life about me? Don't I?"

A Chicago paper, having been asked by a subscriber whether it is considered proper for an engaged young woman to dance with gentlemen at entertainments which her affianced does not attend, says: "It depends on where you live. In Boston or Philadelphia it might do; but in Carson City or Leadville an engaged girl never dances with any gentleman except her affianced. Very few men are willing to die for the sake of a girl's enjoyment."

An odd sort of duel was once fought between an Englishman and a Prussian. The Englishman had the first fire, and missed, and his antagonist was taking aim, when Johnny called out, "Hold on! I'll buy your shot." The proposition was original, but it was listened to. "How much?" cried the Prussian. "Two thousand pounds." "You underrate yourself."—"And you," said the Englishman "have marked me up to high. I'll give you a thousand, but not a penny more. You can take it or leave it, as you like." The offer was accepted, and Johnny went home with a whole skin.

"Walter," said one of our pork merchants to his sixteen-year old hope, "I don't mind how short you have your coats cut, so long as they strike you somewhere below the shoulder blades; neither does it trouble me to see you choking yourself in death in a pair tight pants. Nor am I much concerned in how many scarf-pins you sport each day, or how large a bundle you carry to the laundry every twenty-four hours. Though the sight of your moustache in its feeble efforts for life makes me faint, yet I can bear up even under that; but let me ever catch you wearing your watch-chain on the outside of your coat and you'll go to work in the store putting up groceries before you can say 'quite too utter:' do you hear me?"

The misery felt by the child who couldn't go to the ice-cream party, is nothing compared with that of the one who has been to it.

On being asked what he thought fire-flies were made for, a little boy answered, "I think God made them for candles to light the little froggies to bed."

Which is the worst nuisance, the Canada thistle, the white daisy, or the English sparrow? was the recent subject before an agricultural society, and all hands agreed that city boarders beat the three nuisances two to one.

A saloon-keeper, whose lost pocketbook, containing nearly $300, was returned to him by the finder, impulsively exclaimed: "You pees von honest poy; I vill shook mit you for de drinks." They "shook," and the honest boy lost, and paid.

Complicated Diseases.

A prominent gentleman in Cerro Gordo County, Iowa, writes us that he finds Kidney-Wort to be the best remedy he ever knew for a complication of diseases. It is the specific action which it has on the liver, kidneys, and bowels which gives it such curative power, and it is the thousands of cures which it is performing which gives it its great celebrity. Liquid (very concentrated) or dry; both act efficiently.—N. H. Journal and Courier.

KIDNEY-WORT

DOES WONDERFUL CURES! WHY?

Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.

Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and Female Complaints.

SEE WHAT PEOPLE SAY:

Eugene B. Stork, of Junction City, Kansas, says, Kidney-Wort cured him after regular Physicians had been trying for four years.

Mrs. John Arnall, of Washington, Ohio, says her boy was given up to die by four prominent physicians and that he was afterwards cured by Kidney-Wort.

M. M. B. Goodwin, an editor in Chardon, Ohio, says he was not expected to live, being bloated beyond belief, but Kidney-Wort cured him.

Anna L. Jarrett of South Salem, N. Y., says that seven years suffering from kidney troubles and other complications was ended by the use of Kidney-Wort.

John B. Lawrence of Jackson, Tenn., suffered for years from liver and kidney troubles and after taking "barrels of other medicines," Kidney-Wort made him well.

Michael Cote of Montgomery Center, Vt., suffered eight years with kidney difficulty and was unable to work. Kidney-Wort made him "well as ever."

KIDNEY-WORT

PERMANENTLY CURES KIDNEY DISEASES, LIVER COMPLAINTS, Constipation and Piles.

☞ It is put up in Dry Vegetable Form in tin cans, one package of which makes six quarts of medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated, for those that cannot readily prepare it.

☞ *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

GET IT AT THE DRUGGISTS. PRICE, $1.00

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop'r's, BURLINGTON, VT.

(Will send the dry post-paid.)

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman.

Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

John Wanamaker's STORE

For the Distribution, at uniformly low prices, of Reliable Dry Goods, Ready Made Suits for Ladies, Gentlemen, and Children; Hats, Boots and Shoes, and Ladies' and Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods of every kind.

Goods sent all over the U. S. by mail, and samples sent when requested.

GRAND DEPOT 13th St., Phila.

LADIES!

"NEUTRO PILLENE"—The only Hair Solvent known. Permanently dissolves Superfluous Hair, root and branch, in five minutes, without pain, discoloration, or injury. Price, $5.00.

"CLEOPATRA'S SECRET"—Quickly Restores or Develops the Female Form to the proportions of perfect nature. Success guaranteed or money refunded. Price, $2.00.

"QUEEN OF THE TOILET"—Made from Eatable Fruits. Speedily removes Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, etc.; renders the Complexion Transparent, and the Skin as Soft as Velvet, and its use can not be detected. Price, $1.25.

"MILLER'S SPECIFIC"—Is warranted to cure the most obstinate cases of Leucorrhœa or Whites. Only a few applications necessary. "No cure, no pay." Price, $2.00.

Sold by Druggists, or sent to any address on receipt of price.

THE WILCOX CHEMICAL PREPARATION CO., No. 902 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

JUST WHAT YOU WANT

FUN FOR THE BOYS

False Mustaches made of genuine hair. Can be put on or off instantly. Lots of fun at the sudden change. Three colors, light, dark brown and black. MUSTACHES by mail 20 CTS., 3 for 50 CTS., GOATEES TO MATCH 15 CTS. EACH. Prof. Heller's Magical Trick Cards 10 cts. Trick Cigarette Case 15 cts. Bewitched Tobacco Box 15 cts. Surprise Needle Watch Charm 10 cts. New Wooden Bird call 10 cts. Mechanical Grasshopper jumps six feet high 10 cents. Young's Great Book of 600 Secrets or how to make $10 a day without capital 50 cts. Perfect Etiquette or how to behave in society 30 cts. Genin Perfect Letter Writer 30 cts. Ladies' perfect Letter Writer 30 cts. Sentiments for Autograph Albums 30 cts. Secrets of Ancient and Modern Magic 25 cts. Old Gypsey Madge's Fortune Teller 25 cts. Mystery of Love Making Solved 25 cts. Horse Owners Guide 25 cts. Manual of Mirth for Funny Fellows 15 cts. Showman's Guide 15 cts. Gem Knowledge Box or old Secrets and New Discoveries 25 cts. Nickel Plated 7 Shot Revolvers $1 40 best in the market. Watches best and cheapest in the world. A Watch free to those who become our agents. Send a trial order. Postage Stamps taken.

World M'f'g Co. 122 Nassau St. New York.

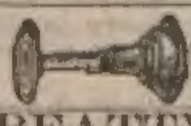
JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

By sending 25c money, or 40c postage stamps, with age, you will receive by return mail a correct picture of your future husband or wife with name and date of marriage. W. FOX, Box 44, Fultonville, N.Y.

RIDGE'S FOOD

THE MOST RELIABLE FOOD For Infants & Invalids. Used everywhere. Not a wet-nurse, but a steam-cooked food, suited to the weakest stomach. Take no other. Sold by druggists. WOOLRICH & Co. on every label.

70 YOUR NAME Printed with new copper-plate type, on 70 New and Elegant Bouquet, Scroll, Bird and Gold Chromo Cards, Style, Beauty and Quality can't be beat, for 25c. Samples 2 cents. Address, G. A. SPRING, New Haven, Conn.



Agents wanted, $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE Co., Cincinnati, O.

BEATTY'S ORGANS, 15 useful stops, 5 sets reeds, only $65. Pianos $125 up. ☞ Illustrated Catalogue FREE. Address, BEATTY, Washington, N. J.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.—Madame Wambold's Specific permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame Wambold, 34 Sawyer St., Boston, Mass.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Price 25 cts. by mail. HOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

GRADUALLY the first half vague rumors respecting the various styles in feminine dress for the coming season are becoming crytallized into some definite form, and conclusions can be drawn, with some degree of certainty, as to what, at least during the Autumn and early Winter, will be chiefly adopted.

Nevertheless, we would here take occasion to advise our lady readers not to be too precipitate in making their selections and in purchasing their cold weather wardrobe. It is never a good plan to be too premature. Have a pretty, Autumnal-looking suit for this month and the early part of next, and a seasonable hat and a light wrap, and then wait a little for further developments. New things are constantly coming out; styles that promise very early in the season to be extremely popular are sometimes supplanted by others that gain more favor, or they are modified. Perhaps you get your outfit together, and, a few weeks later, when the Winter comes upon you, lo and behold, there are shapes of hats and styles of wraps and costumes in vogue that you would much rather have had. Now, if one happened to be so situated as not to be able to make fresh purchases whenever the freak seizes one, every one must acknowledge that a discovery of this sort is exasperating. Naturally, it does a little good to be dilatory. The first choice of everything is gone, if one waits too long. Besides, a lady whom the first cold snap finds unprepared, who goes shivering about in summer-like garments, is a very pitiable object, and a most unnecessarily pitiable object, too. It costs no more to buy one's clothes a month earlier than to buy them a month later. In short, there is a "juste milieu" in this, as in every other case. Now then, as to the general styles for the coming season that appear fixed. It is first to be remarked that there will be no radical change in the general character of costumes, or of hats and bonnets, or of wraps, as compared to those of last winter. Modifications there are, if you will—and in plenty. But the central ideas are preserved, and this is a piece of intelligence that will be greatful to many who wish to utilize parts of last year's wardrobe.

Walking suits are of the same length, and clearing the ground. The clinging effect is maintained in the goring of the front and the sides of the skirt; the back is laid in plaits, or is shirred, and there is a tendency toward adding to the fulness, the bouffant, of the black draperies, which tendency is emphasized by the use, now considered obligatory, of small tournures.

Polonaise overdresses still hold their own, modified after a variety of ways, one new and extremely handsome way by the by being to drape the material far back over the hips, and then dispose of it in one enormous bow, with long, pointing ends, that touch the foot of the skirt.

There is choice for every taste in the way of basques. Many have pointed plastrons in front; a few still have vests, though this can scarcely be called fashionable; some are cut in sharp points all around, others rounded or pointed in front and laid in plaits in the back. The backs are always plaited in endless combination. The only thing one does not see is a perfectly plain basque. The immense use made of shirring helps to make them ornate. The waists of polonaises are also much shirred

Rows upon rows of close shirring are disposed round the neck of some imported dresses for young girls or young woman, like a necklace.

Usually, from the ganging at the neck, the material is drawn full over the bust to meet another deep cluster of shirring defining the waist, and the second puff then narrows into a point. These shirred plastrons are the salvation of very thin women as they help to supply that roundness to the figure which it lacks.

Another plastron, disposed in the same way, is often placed down the back of the waist. The French dressmakers have a fondness for drawing a band of ribbon that starts from the hips, under the point of the plastron, defining well its outlines, and then tying it in a flowing knot. On a polonaise draped well away from the front, or opening wide in points, this arrangement at the edge of the shirred plastron gives a most graceful appearance to the line of the waist and hips, always, of course, presupposing the form to be slender. Quite a number of waists done up the back are being worn with certain styles of evening dresses. It cannot be called a fashion, but the thing is done somewhat more than within the last year or two. The peaked bodies of full evening, reception, and dinner toilets are, of course, always so fastened. Buttons are never employed in any event. It is always lacing that is used, or the waist is hooked. As for trimmings, they are abundant, whether extraneous or of the material. There are as many plaitings as ever, the great preponderence of stripes among the new autumn and winter goods necessitating this sort of flouncing. In plain woolen goods, soft surahs, moire, and the like, gathered flounces are very much used.

The rage for using lace in trimming is not one whit on the wane; rather, perhaps, the contrary. The cheap laces and imitation laces that were heaped in, yards upon yards, upon the dresses of this summer, will give place during the winter to handsome real laces. That will be more in keeping with the velvets, satins and brocades of the season.

Every bit of costly lace possessed by a lady can now be turned to account. Some handsome laces are being dipped, at present, to make them yellow or coffee-colored, and, in this condition, trim some toilets most effectively. Guipure gains steadily in favor.

A new costume of dark blue satin merveilleux, we have seen, has two flounces of this lace, unbleached, laid in valances across the front and sides, under a drapery of the material that is shirred right down the middle.

Embroidery will probably be still more popular during the Winter as a trimming than it has yet been. Fine white embroidery is conspicuous on several flannel and surah matinees and peignons that have been recently imported. It is also beginning to be seen to a large extent on the deep linen collars and cuffs that bid fair soon to become so fashionable. These cuffs are flat, moderately deep, and are worn on the outside of the sleeve, which, in consequence, is long and very tight to the wrist. A great many of the Autumn costumes have sleeves of this sort, and it is probable they will gradually take the place again of the semi-long sleeves, uncovering the wrist, universally adopted for the past year. The large linen sets of collars and cuffs of which we speak are also finished with heavy trimming laces from three to five inches deep. Guipure is very effective upon them. There are as many collarettes of soft, light laces, with knots of pale ribbon here and there, among the new Autumn displays of lingerie as among those of last Spring.

Something rather new and pretty is to have the foundation of fichus and deep collars of white English crape, with full trimmings of lace. Very large, soft mull cravat bows are still worn a great deal in France, and immense bunches of ribbon knots. These are also placed very often upon the left shoulder of evening or home dresses, and sometimes—which is charming—a bouquet of fine velvet and silk flowers, in small blossoms or buds, is pinned there, too, with the long, flexible rubber stems falling back and front. Very broad, full, loose jabots will be almost the obligatory accompaniment of Autumn and Winter home dresses, and evening toilets, if we are to judge by the frequency with which they appear on the new importations. Some of these jabots are identical fac-similes of those that graced the voluminous vests of the cavaliers of the past century. The resemblance is still more forcible when the costumes upon which they are now placed have in any way a Louis XV. appearance—not an uncommon thing by any means.

A number of Autumn hats are beginning to appear, among which the little feather turbans seem to be the favorite. Some of these are all of feathers, while others have a crown of velvet, plush or felt, with a flat border of feathers all around, and a little tuft as a trimming right in the front. They are gay little affairs.

Fireside Chat.

PRESERVING FRUITS, CORN, ETC.

IN the "good old times" of which we hear so much, the housekeeper who did not in summer like the busy bee, store up sweets for use in winter hours was found to go without. Then provident and notable housewives spent long days in the kitchen over pots and kettles, stewing and scalding, preserving and drying the family supplies for winter and spring.

Now, however, we have changed all that: canning and preserving factories are, many in the land, and the corner grocery is prepared to supply for a consideration whatever one may lack in that line.

Still, where it can be done it is much more economical to put up preserves at home, and, moreover, there are many people who have a decided preference for the flavor of home-made sweetmeats, besides believing them far more a wholesome than any which we can buy.

The most economical, as well as the easiest made of putting up fruit is to can it. For this purpose glass jars should always be used in preference to thin tin, for the fruit keeps better in glass, is easier to seal, there is no danger from the action of acid of the fruit on the metal, and the glass jars, though costing a third more at first are cheapest in the end, since with care they last indefinitely, and may be used again and again, buying fresh elastics as needed.

In canning fruit the great point is to heat it hot through and put it up boiling hot. Have the jars all ready before the fruit is done, with elastics and tops within reach, ready to clap on as soon as each jar is filled. Roll each glass in hot water quickly and deftly, drain and stand on the coolest part of the range, bottom upward, for a moment to dry, and then set them in a vessel of hot water side by side on the range with the kettle of fruit. Fill each jar as full as possible, and as quickly wipe the top dry, clap it on instantly, and screw it as tight as possible. As the fruit cools, the top must be tightened to suit the contraction of the jar.

To can berries heat them slowly to boiling in your preserve-kettle. When they begin to boil, add a heaping tablespoonful of sugar to each quart of fruit. Boil for fifteen minutes. If there is much syrup, dip it out and set it aside for jelly or for bottled syrup, in which form it will be much more useful than if canned. Blackberries, grapes, huckleberries, etc., are very good when canned, making delicious pies, and are also very nice when eaten with milk for tea.

Peaches must be cut in halves and packed in the kettle with sugar sprinkled between the layers, a tablespoonful of sugar to every pound of fruit. Put a teacupful of water in the bottom of the kettle to prevent burning. Set the kettle on the back of the stove and heat slowly, then move the kettle forward and bring to a boil. Boil for ten minutes; then can and seal while boiling hot. The peaches must be ripe, but not soft, else they will mash and not look well. Morris Whites are best for the purpose, and the large yellow peaches come next. Peaches are so scarce and high this season, that probably not many will be put up, and it is predicted that the canned goods will also be very high next winter.

To can pears, peel and cut up; make a syrup, allowing a gill of water and a quarter of a pint of sugar to every quart of peeled fruit. Small pears should be canned whole. When the sugar is dissolved and the water hot, put in the fruit; heat slowly; then boil until the fruit, cover with the boiling syrup and seal. Bartlett pears should have twice the quantity of water allowed.

Plums must be pricked with a large needle, or, better still, a hairpin, which makes two holes at the same time and so saves time and trouble An ounce of sugar to a gill of water is the allowance for each quart of fruit. Melt the sugar in the water, then put in the plums and stew steadily but slowly, or they will break, for fifteen minutes; then can.

Tomatoes are at once the cheapest and most useful of canned vegetables. They require no sugar, and a basket of good tomatoes should fill five quart jars. Use none but sound tomatoes, a single one over-ripe will spoil a whole jar. Pour boiling water over them and slip the skins. Take out the core and boil for ten minutes after they are hot through. You cannot put them up too hot. On this one point all success in the matter depends. The water in the pan which holds the jars should be bubbling; and the fruit boiling as it is dipped out. For this use a perforated dipper, since it is of no advantage whatever to can the juice; it only fills the jars to no purpose. Tighten the tops of the jars as they cool, and screw as tight as possible.

There are a very few people who can can corn successfully. The rule is to boil the corn on the cob until the milk ceases to flow, cut it from the cob and pack in the jars as tightly as possible. Set the jars on the fire in a kettle of hot water with a layer of corn-husks between the bottom of the kettle and the jars in order to prevent cracking, and bring slowly to a boil. Can piping hot and seal, tightening the tops every five minutes until they are cool. The Shaker method of drying corn is by boiling on the cob until the milk ceases to flow, then spreading on dishes and drying either in an oven or the sun. Corn so put up never fails to keep.

For preserves the old fashion recipes call for pound to pound sugar and fruit; but three-quarters of a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit is quite enough; Peaches have juice enough in themselves, and no water should be added, except a cupful at the bottom of the kettle to prevent burning.

The sugar must be sprinkled between the layers of the fruit. For pears, make a syrup before putting the fruit in the cook, allowing a gill of water to every pound of sugar.

Quinces should be parboiled before peeling, and use some of the water in which they have been boiled to dissolve the sugar. The cores, peelings, and little bits which cannot be used for preserves, will do to make jelly.

Cook the fruit until it is clear, letting it simmer steadily rather than boil. Take out the pieces as each is done with a perforated spoon. Then either pour hot over the fruit, if already in the jars, or if on dishes return the preserves to the kettles of boiling syrups: boil up once and put it in jars. Self-sealing glass jars are nicest, but stone or ordinary jars do equally well if the preserves are well cooked. Our grandmothers never dreamed of self-sealing jars. If these are not used, put brandied paper in the mouth of the jars, and tie up with white cloth, brushing the cloth with the white of an egg.

Porcelain lined kettles are best for preserving; indeed none other, except the old-fashioned bell-metal, should be used. Where these last are employed, the greatest care is necessary to prevent canker.

Correspondence.

G. W. T., (Lockport, N. Y.)—The stones are ground on emery wheels of varied degrees of fineness—using the coarser first. The polish is given with a leather wheel.

W. G., (Bucks, Pa.)—It is certainly illbred for parties to leave the theatre just before the fall of the curtain; and the practice is a nuisance to the mass of the audience and the actors.

C. C., (Jefferson, Ky.)—The growth of the human body, as regards height, varies in different individuals, and terminates at different periods. It stops generally before twenty-five. You may be a tall man yet.

ERNIE, (Richland, Wis.)—In mounting photographs use starch made into a thick jelly and allowed to cool. Wet your photographs thoroughly on both sides with a sponge, press between blotting-paper, and then apply a thin even coat of starch paste.

K. A. T., (Sandwich, Ill.)—1. There is no "celebrated physician" of that name in this city. As far as we are concerned, both he and his pills are unknown to fame. 2. Notice will be given in the POST when the offer is withdrawn. 3. Please accept our thanks for your good opinion.

SECOND, (Stone, Ark.)—If the young man repeats the question, answer in the affirmative by all means. At his age, his first love was a mere passion that he will speedily get over. The distance between your residences is not too great for him to see you once a week, or twice weekly, if there is railway communication.

LEO D. H., (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Large draughts of water are the most injurious with ailments difficult of digestion, like the fats; and the drinking of too much water after fat pork, for instance, should be avoided. But in countries where soup does not constitute a regular part of the meal, drinking water is sanctioned by the best medical men.

COUNTRYMAN, (Raleigh, W. Va.)—Go or send some friend to ask an explanation. Do not jump to conclusions until you have something more than a mere custom to write to found your suspicions upon. Is it not possible that there may have been some mistake as to the time or the address? It sometimes takes a little while to get these matters completed. In any case go or send. Probably there will be an explanation ready when you call or send, which you should certainly do at once.

V. T., (Washington, D. C.)—We do not recognise evidences of special talent, and it would be misleading to advise "cultivation" with a view to making any use of the power possessed as a means of livelihood. It is one thing to be able to sketch "prettily," but quite another to evince the ability essential to success as an artist. Meanwhile you might try your hand at free sketching from some living object or "still life" in the open air, and ask some artist whether the manner of production shows more power than we can recognise in the result.

TUKO, (Windsor, Vt.)—We are afraid that some words are but the pleasure of your thoughts. Do not forget that there is refinement of speech even as there is grace of manner. If there is not love as well as esteem, the suit had better not be entertained. It is not a matter of being "smitten," "carried off," "captivated," and so forth, as you put it. Something more is required if domestic happiness is the end desired. Set a higher value upon life and its responsibilities; truth, goodness, faith, high and sober thought, are needed by all who would walk well and wisely.

STANNING, (Ripley, Ind.)—The custom of making New Year's presents is not confined to this country and did not originate here. The custom comes down from remote antiquity. Some authorities ascribe its origin to a knight of the Sabines in the year 747 B. C. The story is that on the first day of the year he received a present of some branches cut in a wood that was consecrated to Strenia, the goddess of strength, and considering it a good omen, he authorized the custom of making presents on that day. The Romans are said to have copied the custom from the Sabines, and transmitted it to all civilized nations.

D. W. K., (Morgantown, W. Va.)—1. We do not know the particular business college to which you refer. It would be well, however, if you are able, to take a course in one before settling down to work. Such an institution teaches a great deal of high practical value, particularly in a commercial vocation. 2. Generally speaking, it is better for the man to be the elder in marriage. But a few years difference against the lady is no positive disadvantage. In fact, it may not prove so at all. Only it has been observed that where the other chances for happiness are equal, excess of age on the female side is apt to disturb the balance.

ARCADES, (Buffalo, N. Y.)—To recognise a gentleman in the street to whom you have not been formally introduced, is opposed to strict etiquette. But since your friend has conversed with the gentleman on business matters, and accepted his card, it would be decidedly rude on her part to cut him now, unless in the meanwhile she has learned something of his antecedents and previous character that would justify her in eschewing him altogether. Etiquette must give way to business considerations. If you cut a person in the street who is a customer of yours, ten chances to one he will go and trade elsewhere. But although it is clearly your interest to humor such a person, you need not to rite him to accept your attentions. If he forced his card on your friend in the way of business, she did quite right in accepting it; otherwise, she ought to have refused it.

MARY, (Crawford, Pa.)—A bitter cross to bear, but arising, we are afraid, from an ill-assorted marriage at first. Happy are you that your illusions lasted two years. Those of some hardly live two months. Now for a remedy. We have only one. A woman scorned is a torment of which we are told hell has no like; and we may say that earth presents no nobler spectacle than that of a woman who stills her heart, bears her cross, and returns unjust scorn with love. As for leaving a husband after twenty-four years, just ask what would you or could you do? Have you no clergyman who can guide you? Are you religious? If not, remember that sooner or later we shall find, everyone of us, the emptiness of this world and of worldly love, and be "alone with the alone." Try to do what all should do, and many are often forced to do—lay up your treasure where moth doth not corrupt, nor the thieves of time, change, temper, and passion break through and steal. Look the matter in the face—a blank, icy lookout very possibly—but face it nevertheless; you will be the better for it. From your letter we take it that you can but lead this—we sincerely regret to write the words—forlorn hope.